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DETECTIVE COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

Editor

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SPEED SAUNDERS

ACE INVESTIGATOR
AND THE
GLASS OF POISON

BY FRED GUARDINEER



IT IS WELL AFTER MIDNIGHT BUT SPEED IS STILL ENGROSSED IN HIS STORY WHEN —



His door slowly opens —



WELL, YOUNG LADY — GOOD EVENING!

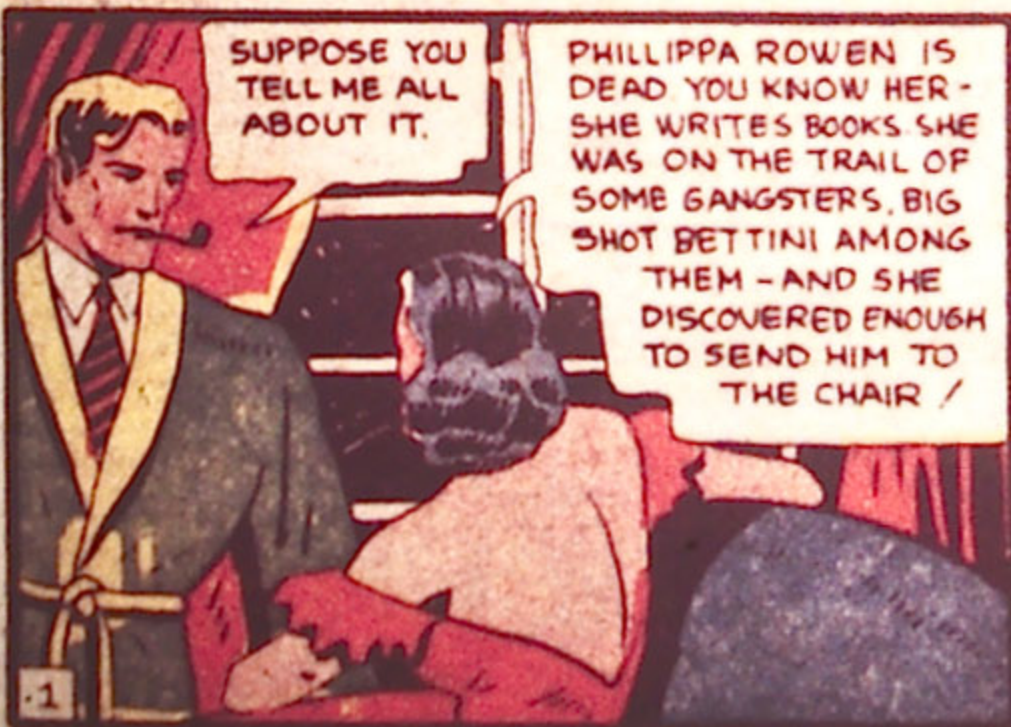


PLEASE FORGIVE ME FOR BREAKING IN ON YOU LIKE THIS, BUT I'M IN DEADLY DANGER — I'M AFRAID FOR MY LIFE!



SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT.

PHILLIPPA ROWEN IS DEAD YOU KNOW HER — SHE WRITES BOOKS. SHE WAS ON THE TRAIL OF SOME GANGSTERS, BIG SHOT BETTINI AMONG THEM — AND SHE DISCOVERED ENOUGH TO SEND HIM TO THE CHAIR!



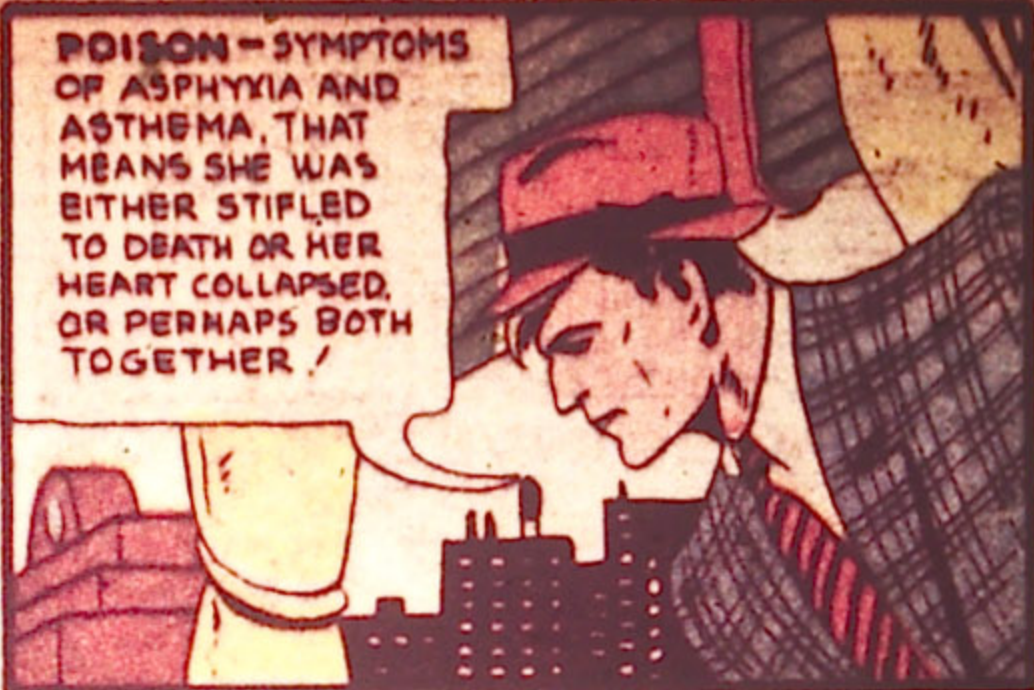
SHE LIVES BELOW ME YOU ARE BETTY PALMER, HER SECRETARY. LET'S GO DOWN AND SEE THE BODY!



ON THE LIVING
ROOM BELOW
LIES - DEATH !

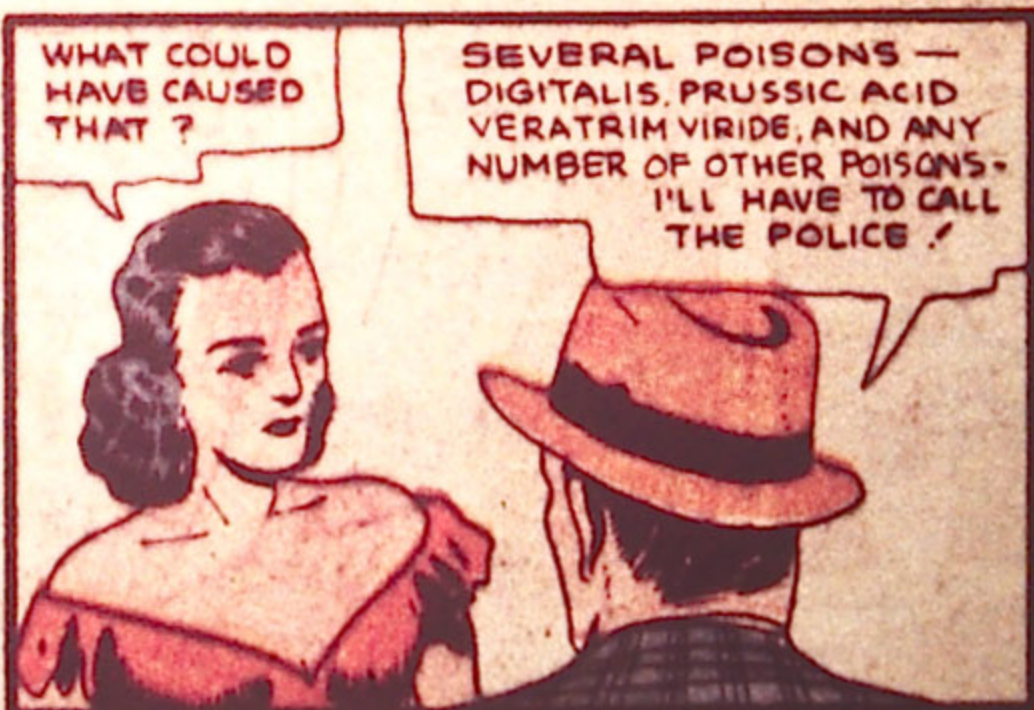


POISON - SYMPTOMS
OF ASPHYXIA AND
ASTHMA, THAT
MEANS SHE WAS
EITHER STIFLED
TO DEATH OR HER
HEART COLLAPSED,
OR PERHAPS BOTH
TOGETHER !



WHAT COULD
HAVE CAUSED
THAT ?

SEVERAL POISONS -
DIGITALIS, PRUSSIC ACID
VERATRIM VIRIDE, AND ANY
NUMBER OF OTHER POISONS -
I'LL HAVE TO CALL
THE POLICE !

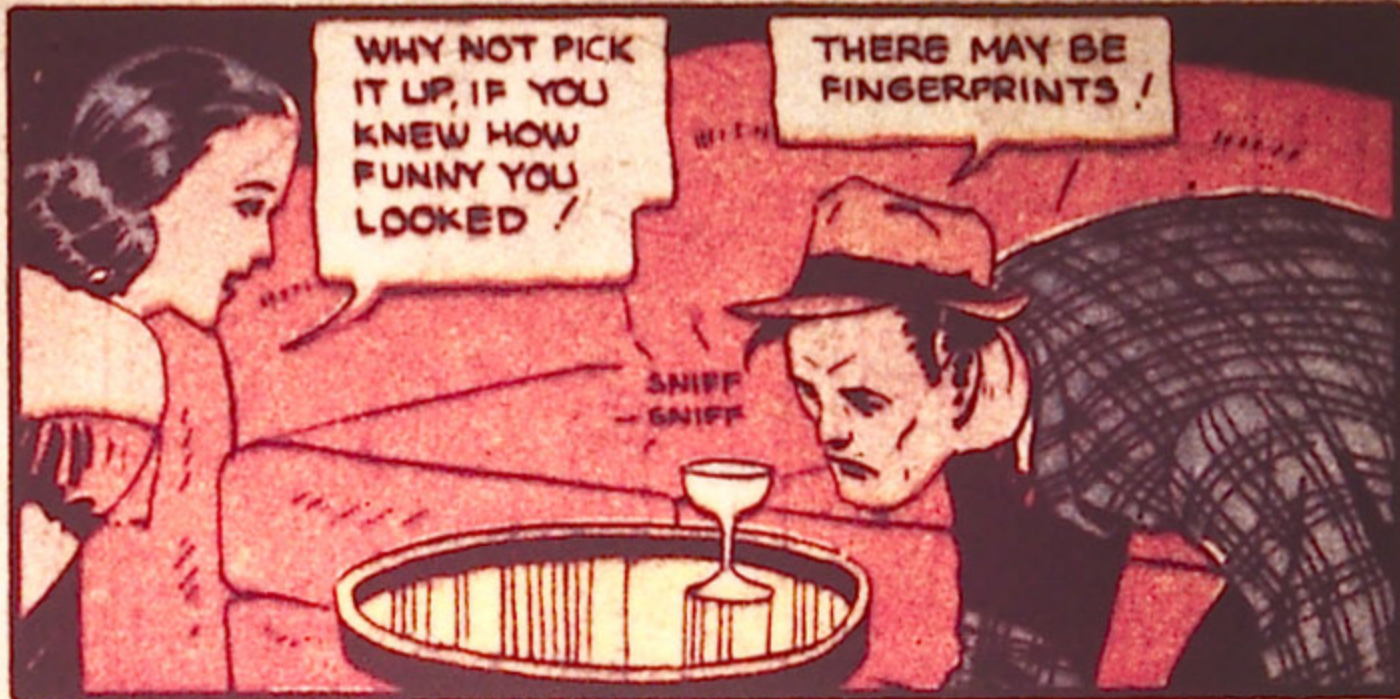


A-HA ! HERE'S THE LITTLE
CULPRIT - PERHAPS !

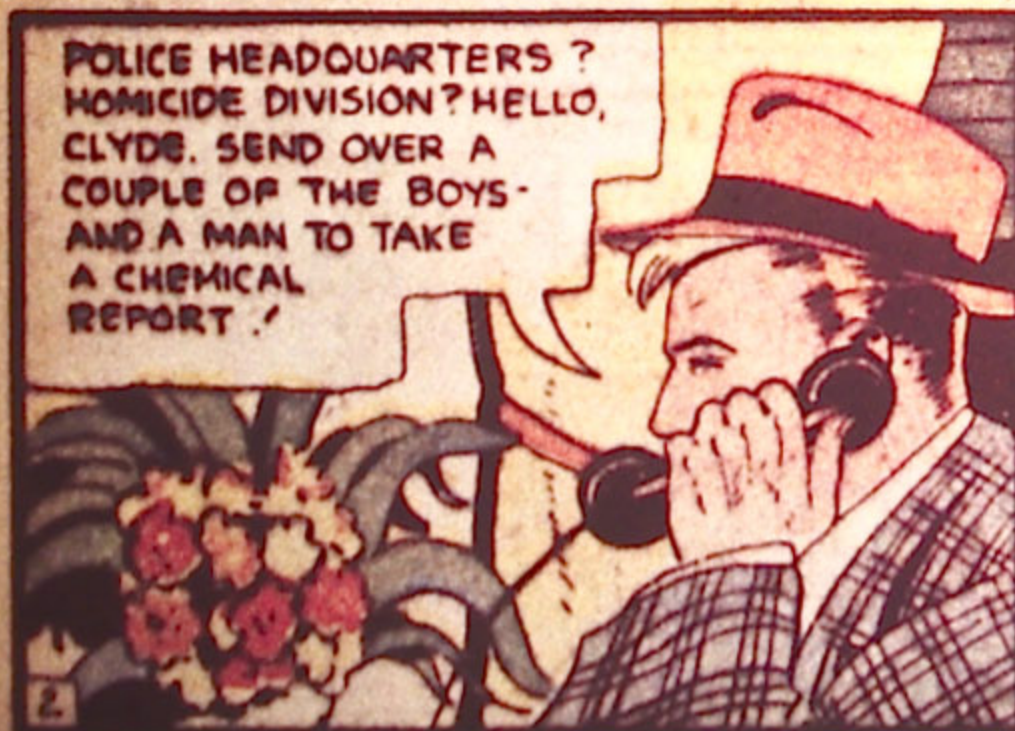


WHY NOT PICK
IT UP, IF YOU
KNEW HOW
FUNNY YOU
LOOKED !

THERE MAY BE
FINGERPRINTS !



POLICE HEADQUARTERS ?
HOMICIDE DIVISION ? HELLO,
CLYDE. SEND OVER A
COUPLE OF THE BOYS -
AND A MAN TO TAKE
A CHEMICAL
REPORT !



THE POLICE WILL ONLY
THINK IT'S SUICIDE -
A GLASS OF POISON -
AND A DEAD BODY !



THERE IS PRUSSIC ACID IN THE GLASS I THINK AND THERE IS THE ODOR OF BITTER ALMONDS ON HER BREATH, WHICH ACCOMPANIES A DOSE OF THAT POISON—

I'M GOING TO REPORT IT AS SUICIDE!

REPORT IT "SUICIDE" IF YOU WANT, CLYDE. BUT DON'T LET THEM POUR THE LIQUOR FROM THE GLASS—SIPHON IT OUT! AND WE'RE GOING AFTER THE MURDERER!

BUT WHERE ARE WE GOING?

I'M GOING TO PROVE TO YOU THAT IT WAS MURDER—IF YOU ARE NOT AFRAID OF BETTINI—WE'LL GO TO SEE HIM!

THIS IS BETTINI'S PLACE. IT MAKES YOU FEEL THAT CRIME PAYS. EH? BUT NOT FOR LONG!

BETTINI THREATENED PHILIPPA. I SAW HIM GETTING OUT OF AN ELEVATOR AS I WAS COMING INTO THE APARTMENT TO-NIGHT—

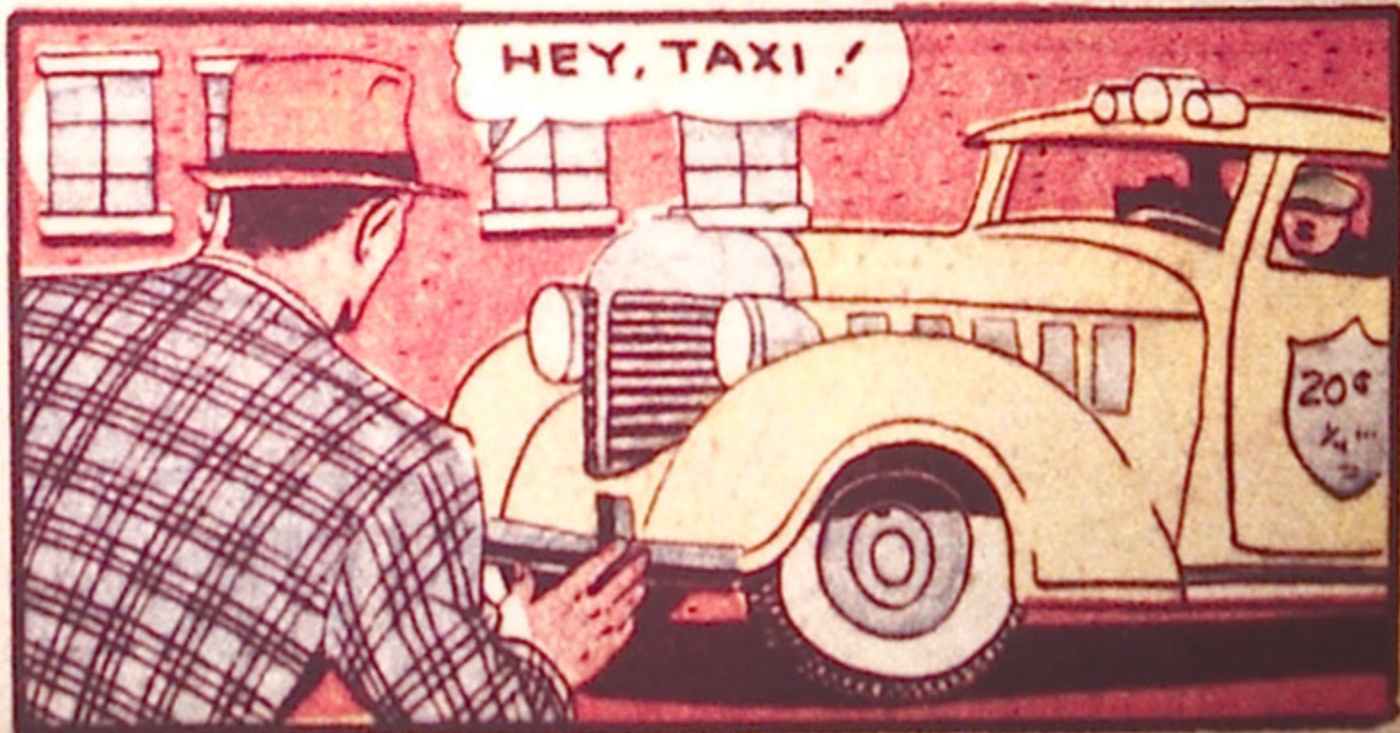
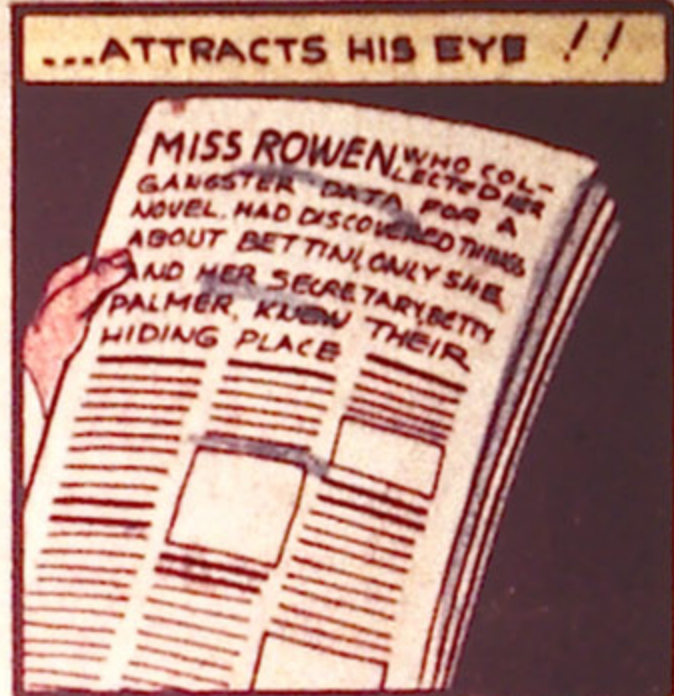
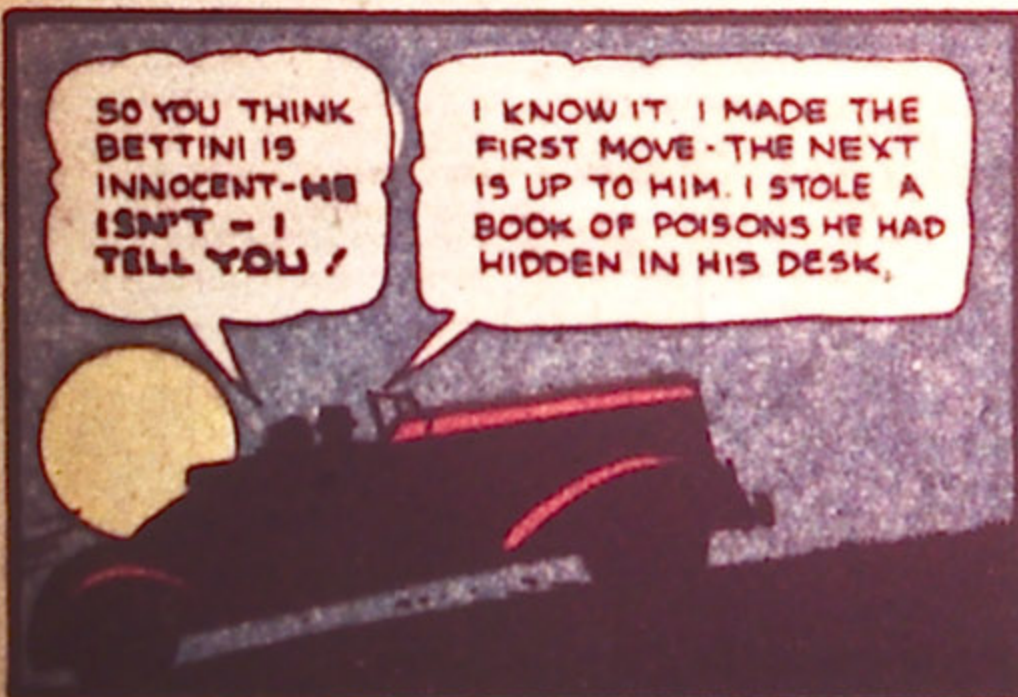
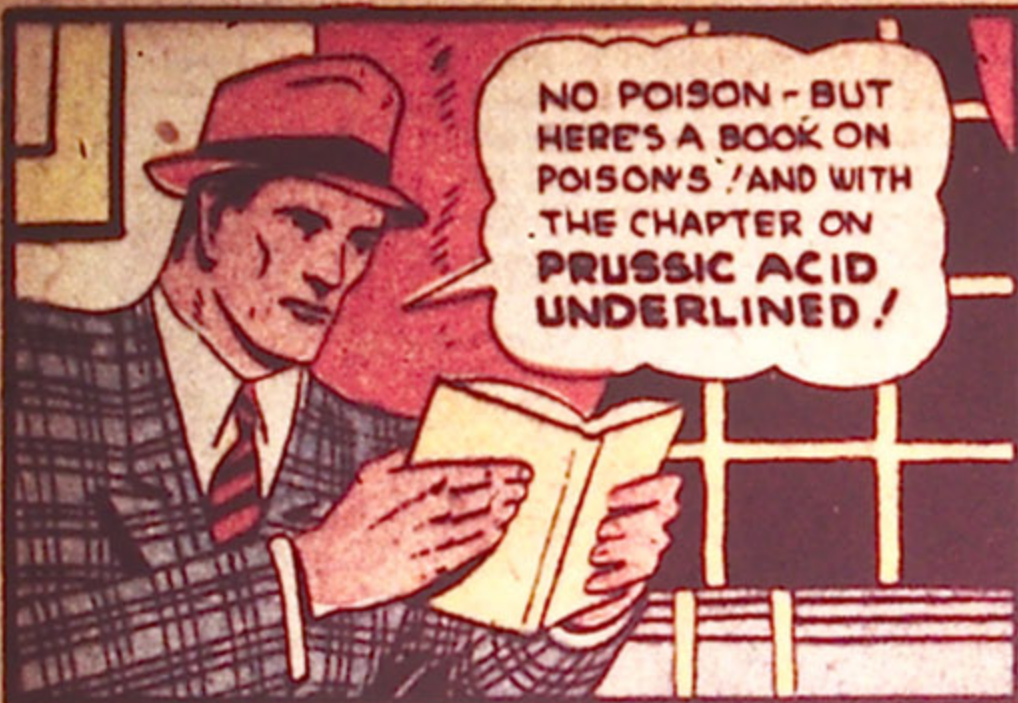
SPEED SAUNDERS, TO WHAT AM I IN-DEBTED FOR THIS VISIT?

JUST CAME TO TELL YOU PHILIPPA ROWEN IS DEAD!

SO? AM I SUSPECTED? YOU MAKE AN ERROR, MY FRIEND!

I'M ON MY OWN, BETTINI—IF YOU MAKE A MOVE, YOU'RE A DEAD MAN! BETTY, TAKE THIS GUN AND COVER THE BIG SHOT!

WHILE BETTY HOLDS BETTINI HELPLESS, SPEED SEARCHES THROUGH THE GANGSTER'S PRIVATE DEN—



SPEED ARRIVES TOO LATE-

BETTY!
BETTY!

BETTINI WOULDN'T TAKE
HER TO HIS LONG ISLAND
ESTATE, FOR HE KNOWS
I' COULD FOLLOW THERE.
MAYBE HE WENT TO HIS
CABIN ON LACQUER LAKE!

**AFTER SWIFT
TRAVELING
SPEED ARRIVES
AT LACQUER LAKE.**

THERE MAYBE SOME
TROUBLE, HANK, FOLLOW
ME FOR SAFETY'S SAKE.

SHE'S IN THERE,
ALL RIGHT!

BETTER SPILL
IT, SISTER—

UP WITH 'EM,
BETTINI!

I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR
THE MURDER OF PHILLIPPA
ROWEN, BETTINI—

OKAY, BIG
SHOT
I GOT 'EM
COVERED!

YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU WOULD
CATCH ME NAPPING— DID
YOU, SPEED? YOU SEE
I'M WELL PROTECTED!

CARE
FOR A
SMOKE ?



SPEED SNIFFS THE CIGAR-
ETTE AND DETECTS THE ODOR
OF PRUSSIC ACID-BITTER ALMONDS !



POCKETING THE CIGARETTE,
SPEED SUDDENLY CLIPS BETTINI
A HARD BLOW ON THE JAW -



SPEED-HOPING
FOR THE ARRIVAL
OF THE STATE
TROOPER, PUTS
UP A GRIM FIGHT -



IT'S ALL
OVER,
BUDDY !

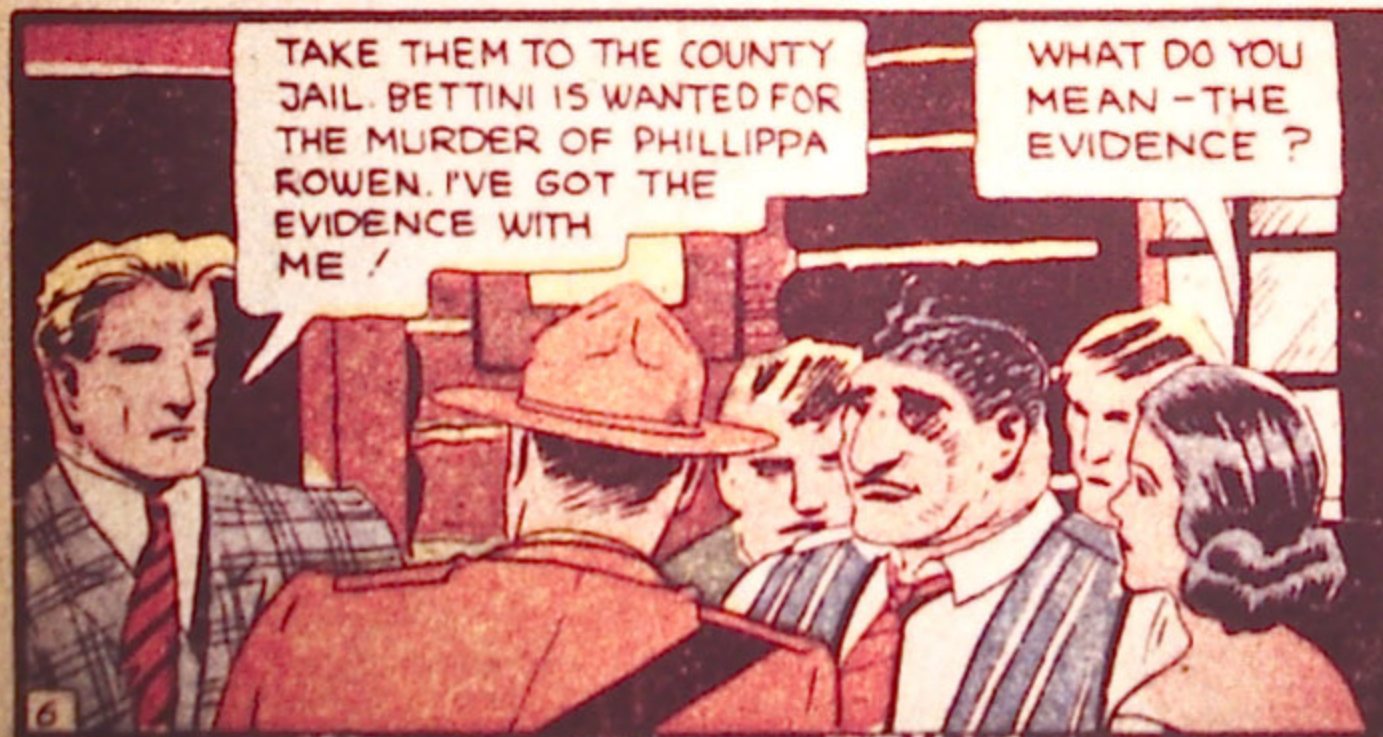


OKAY, SPEED, I WAS
ALMOST TOO LATE,
I GUESS !



TAKE THEM TO THE COUNTY
JAIL. BETTINI IS WANTED FOR
THE MURDER OF PHILLIPPA
ROWEN. I'VE GOT THE
EVIDENCE WITH
ME !

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN - THE
EVIDENCE ?



PHILLIPPA ROWEN DIDN'T DRINK
FROM THAT GLASS OF POISON, FOR
THERE WERE NO LIP MARKS ON
IT, AND BETTINI HAD UNDER-
LINED THE FACT THAT PRUSSIC
ACID WILL KILL WHEN INHALED.
THIS CIGARETTE HE OFFERED ME
WAS POISONED ! THAT'S HOW
PHILLIPPA WAS KILLED !



CRIME NEVER PAYS.



A COMPARISON MICROSCOPE

IS AN INSTRUMENT USED BY BALLISTICS EXPERTS TO DETERMINE THE GUN FROM WHICH THE BULLET WAS FIRED. THIS MICROSCOPE IS A DOUBLE BARRELED DEVICE THROUGH WHICH ONE MAY SEE TWO OBJECTS AT ONCE AND COMPARE THEM. NO TWO BULLETS ARE MARKED THE SAME.

A MICROSCOPIC STUDY OF THE FINE MARKINGS ON THE SIDES OF A SLUG "FINGERPRINTS" THE PARTICULAR WEAPON FROM WHICH IT HAS BEEN FIRED. IDENTIFYING THE GUN, IN MANY CASES, IS A MEANS OF IDENTIFYING THE OWNER.



DURING A PERIOD OF TWELVE MONTHS SCOTLAND YARD RECEIVED FROM VARIOUS SCENES OF CRIMES, 52,449 SETS OF FINGERPRINTS FOR CONSIDERATION AND IDENTIFIED OVER 25,000 FROM PRINTS IN ITS RECORDS. RECENTLY SCOTLAND YARD SLEUTHS SOLVED 20 OUT OF 21 BAFFLING CASES.



THE FAMOUS ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE FORCE CONTINUE TO "GET THEIR MAN" ON LAND, IN THE AIR, AND SEA.

TODAY, MOTOR CARS, FAST PATROL BOATS, AIRPLANES AND MOTORCYCLES ARE USED BY THE MOUNTIES TO AID THE APPREHENDING OF CRIMINALS.

THERE ARE MORE MOUNTED POLICE IN AUTOMOBILES THAN ON HORSES.



G-MEN RECORD!

WITHOUT THE FIRING OF A SHOT BY THE SPECIAL AGENTS OF THE F.B.I., DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, THE NOTORIOUS KIDNAPERS ALVIN KARPIS, WILLIAM DAINHARD, HARRY CAMPBELL AND TOM ROBINSON WERE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY!



RECENTLY THE GENERAL PREJUDICE ON THE PART OF AVERAGE PERSON FOR HAVING THEIR FINGERPRINTS ON RECORD HAS BEEN DISPELLED. J. EDGAR HOOVER, DIRECTOR OF THE F.B.I., EXPLAINS THAT THERE ARE MANY USES FOR FINGERPRINTING BESIDES CRIME WORK. THE RECORDS SHOW THAT PRINTS HAVE BEEN USEFUL IN THE IDENTIFICATION OF UNKNOWN PERSONS, FOR FINDING PEOPLE, FOR DETECTING FRAUDULENT INSURANCE CLAIMS, IDENTIFYING AMNESIA VICTIMS, BANK CHECK IDENTIFICATION AND OTHER BENEFITS.

With the electric power you can save 16 to 20 cents of 15 cents a month and your other favorite tools. But your own choice, change adjustment, make money! Mail the coupon at once.



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HURRY! MAIL THIS COUPON!



BOYS EARN THIS BICYCLE

MAKE MONEY and Earn All the PRIZES YOU WANT

FOR BOYS, 12 to 18. An aluminum bike, fully streamlined, completely equipped. Gives you a silent, swift, "floating" ride. This bike and any of our 300 other prizes can be yours—and you don't have to buy them! Earn whatever you want, and MAKE MONEY, too, by delivering our magazines to people whom you secure as customers in your neighborhood. It's easy. Many boys earn a prize the first day. Perhaps you can, too. To start at once, mail this ad to Jim Thayer, Dept. 830, The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

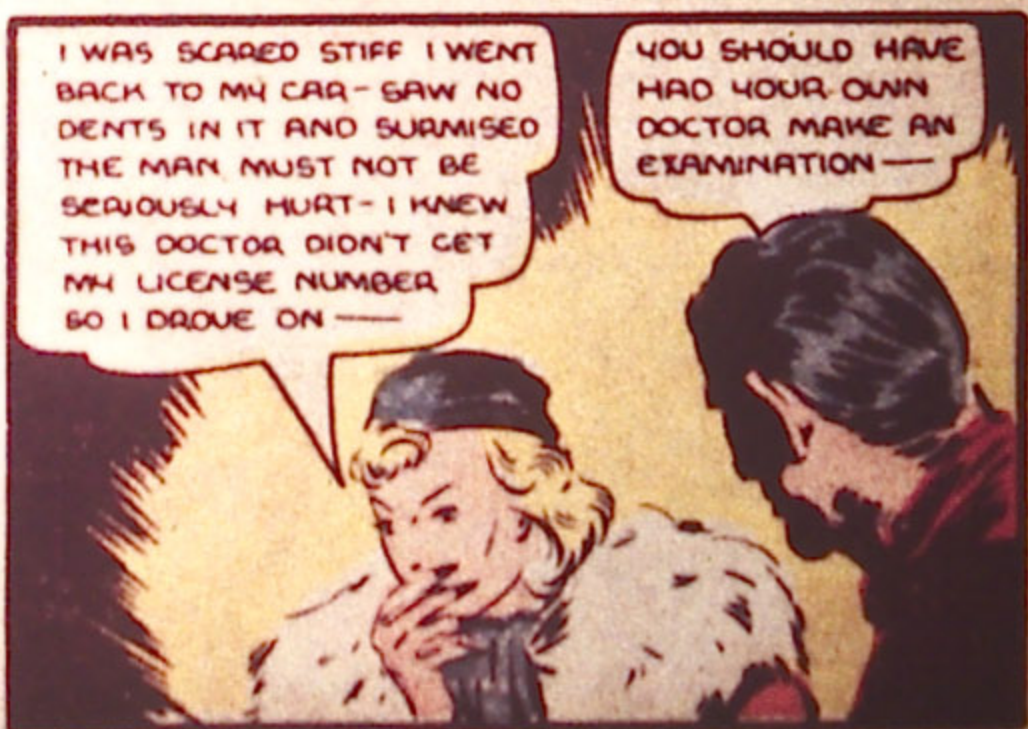
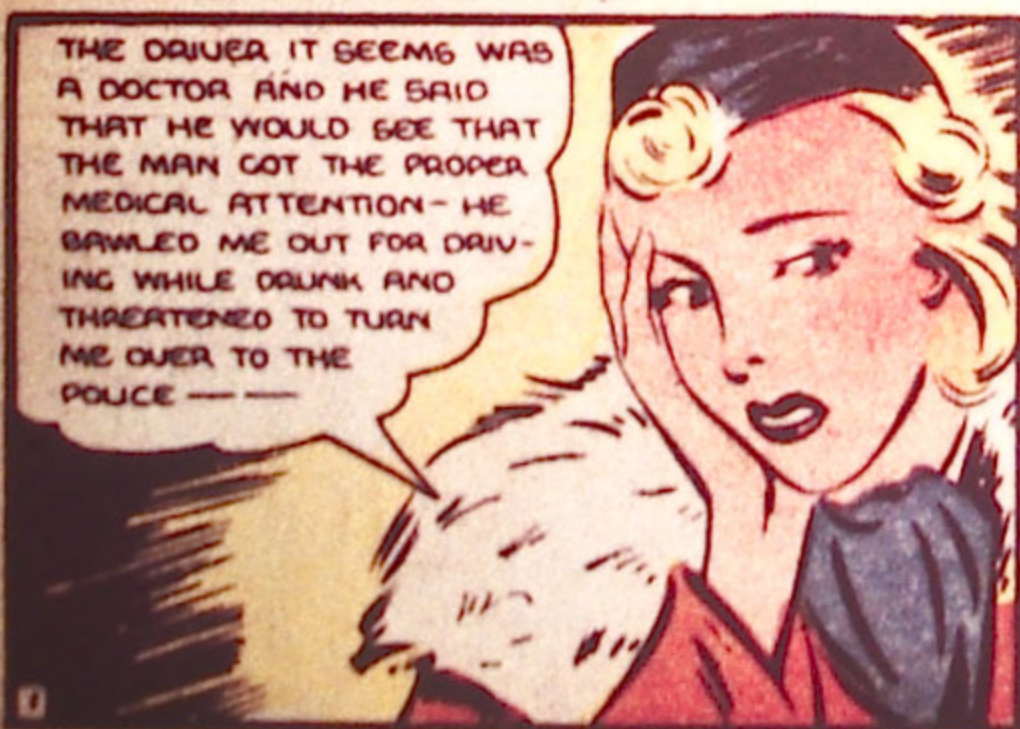
Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



LARRY STEELE

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

by Will Ely



I KNOW, BUT I WAS TOO BATTLED—
I WAS AFRAID OF BEING CAUGHT
ON A DRUNKEN DRIVING CHARGE—

WHAT DID
YOU DO ?

I KEPT IN TOUCH WITH THE
TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT TO
SEE IF ANY ACCIDENT
HAD BEEN REPORTED
FROM THAT VICINITY—
NONE HAD —

FOR TWO DAYS NOTHING
HAPPENED AND THEN
TONY HALWORTH CALLED
ME — — —

HE'S A BAIL-BOND
BROKER WITH A VERY
CRACKED REPUTATION —

SO IT SEEMS - I THINK HE
AND THAT DOCTOR ARE
TRYING TO BLACKMAIL ME—
HE SHOWED ME X-RAYS
OF THE MAN'S SPINE PROVING
THAT IT IS SERIOUSLY
INJURED — — —

HE SAID I MIGHT BE
ARRESTED ANYDAY—
IT SEEMS SOME BODY
COT MY LICENSE NUM-
BER— I GAVE HIM MONEY
TO TAKE CARE OF THE
INJURED MAN, AND HE
SAID HE COULD CLEAR
ME OF CRIMINAL CHARGES
IF THE MAN LIVED —

BUT IF HE SHOULD DIE,
THEN I WOULD BE HELD
FOR MANSLAUGHTER —

DID YOU EVER SEE
THIS MAN ?

YES - HE'S A TOM HARRISON—
LIVES ON BRENT STREET—
I WENT DISGUISED AS A WELFARE
WORKER - HE SEEMED TO BE
SUFFERING — — BUT — — —

YES - BUT - SINCE
YOU MENTIONED
HALWORTH, I'VE
SMELLED A RAT!
WHO WAS THE
DOCTOR ?

DOCTOR AUERY —

AUERY—THAT NAME SOUNDS
FAMILIAR— YES I REMEMBER,
PAULA—I THINK I CAN HELP
YOU - I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH
YOU TOMORROW — — —

BO- DOCTOR AVERN-
HMM- THAT PUNK
HAS A BORING REP-
UTATION AS A
QUACK!



THE NEXT DAY LARSEN DRAWS A VISIT TO THE VICTIM
OF THE ACCIDENT, TOM HARRISON. — —



I WANT TO SEE
MR. HARRISON —

SORRY- HE DON'T LIVE HERE
ANYMORE. HERE - I'LL GIVE
YOU HIS NEW
ADDRESS —



THIS HARRISON- HE'S
A CRIPPLE ISN'T HE ?

WHY YES, BEEN THAT
WAY QUITE A TIME NOW



MR. HARRISON - HE'S ON
THE TOP FLOOR, END ROOM —

THANKS —



HARRISON, I'M A
WELFARE WORKER —

SIT DOWN -
THIS IS MR. COLBY

PLEASE TO
MEET YA -



LARSEN TALKS WITH THE MEN FOR AWHILE SEARCHING
UNOBTAINABLY FOR WHATEVER CLUES HE MAY
PICK UP — —

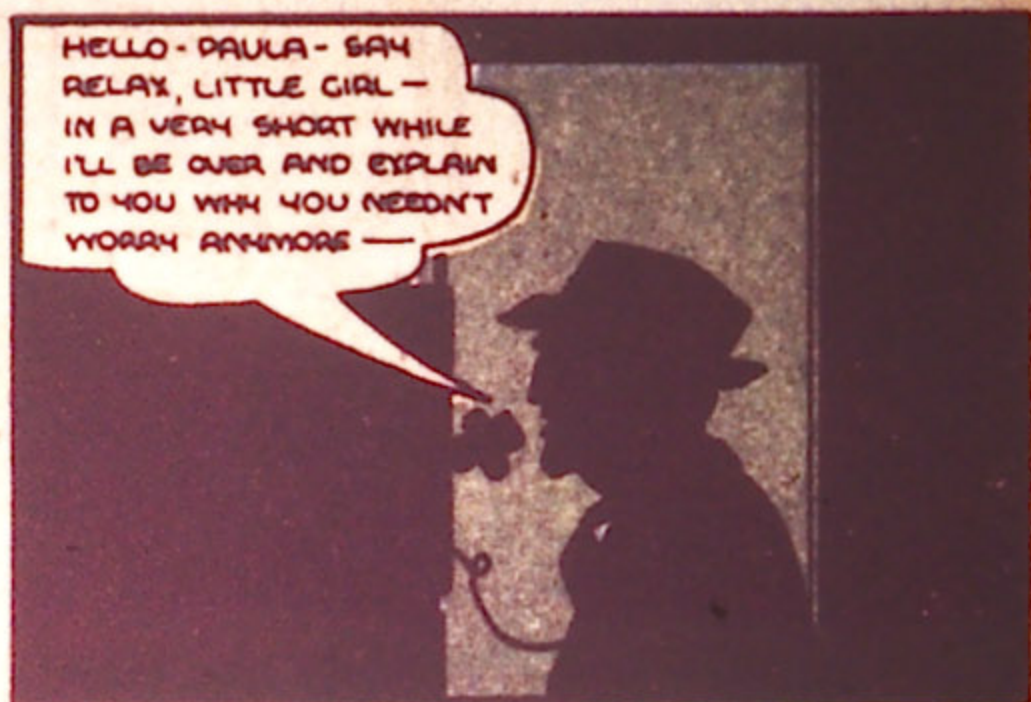
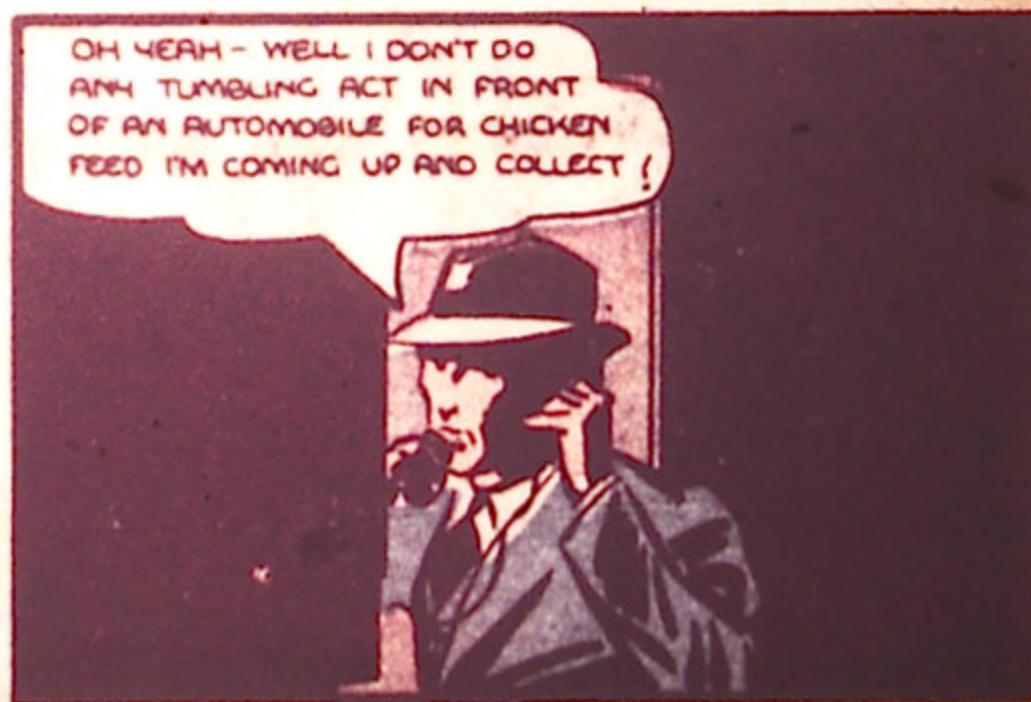
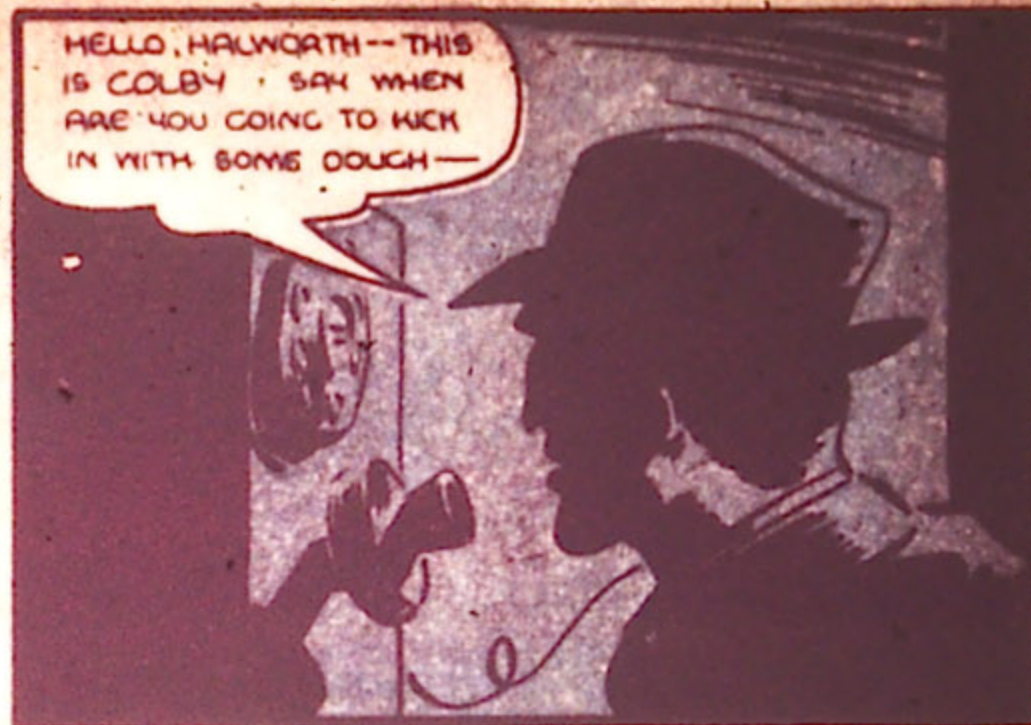
COLBY - I'LL HAVE
TO GET A LINE ON
THAT GUY —



OH, SAY- THAT
FELLOW COLBY -
WHAT DOES HE
DO FOR A LIVING ?

NOTHING AT PRESENT, BUT
WHEN HE WORKS HE'S A TUM-
BLER - USED TO HAVE AN ACT
IN VAUDEVILLE —





HERE'S THE OFFICE -
WE'LL HAVE TO SEE
HOW WE CAN BEST
WORK THIS - I THINK
IF WE GIVE THEM
ENOUGH ROPE
THEY'LL HANG
THEMSELVES -



THIS LITTLE ALCOVE WILL
BE A NICE HIDING PLACE
TO LISTEN IN ON A RATHER
INTERESTING CONVERSATION -



TONY HALWORTH
IS AT HIS DESK
WHEN DR. AVERH
ENTERS -



HELLO, AVERH -
WHAT'S ON YOUR
MIND ?

WHY COULD YOU TOLD ME
TO DROP OVER, THAT
YOU HAD A JOB FOR US -

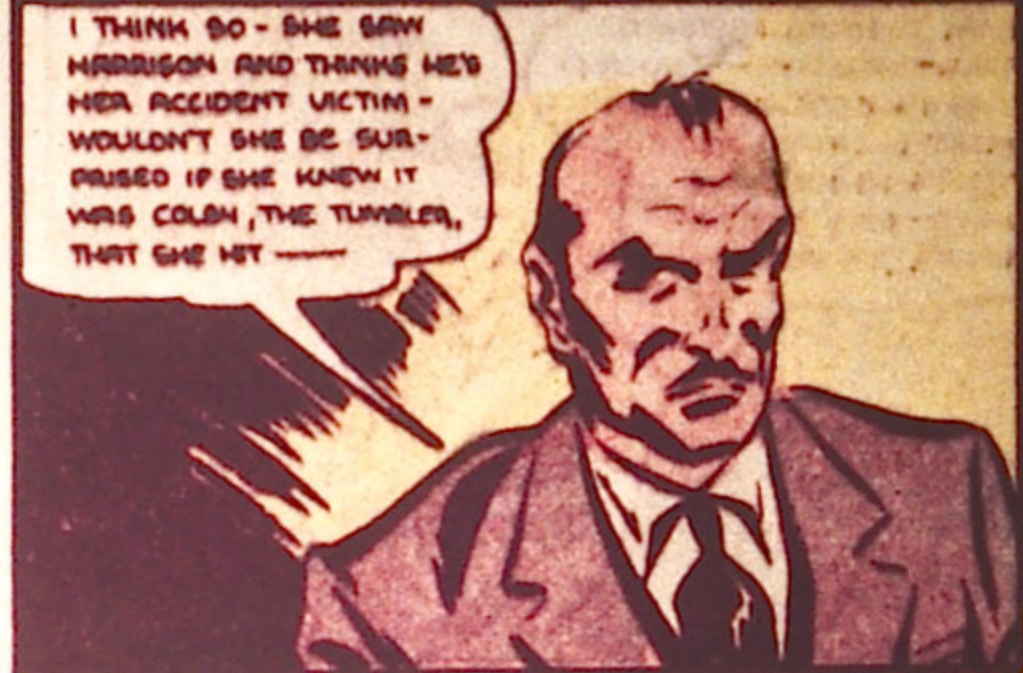


SAH THAT GUY MUST BE
OFF HIS NUT - HE JUST CALLED
ME AND WAS SQUAWKIN' FOR
MORE MONEY ON THAT PAULA
STEPHENS JOB -



SAH HOW ABOUT
HER; IS SHE GOING
TO KICK IN ?

I THINK SO - SHE SAW
HARRISON AND THINKS HE'S
HER ACCIDENT VICTIM -
WOULDN'T SHE BE SUR-
PRISED IF SHE KNEW IT
WAS COLBY, THE TUMBLER,
THAT SHE HIT -



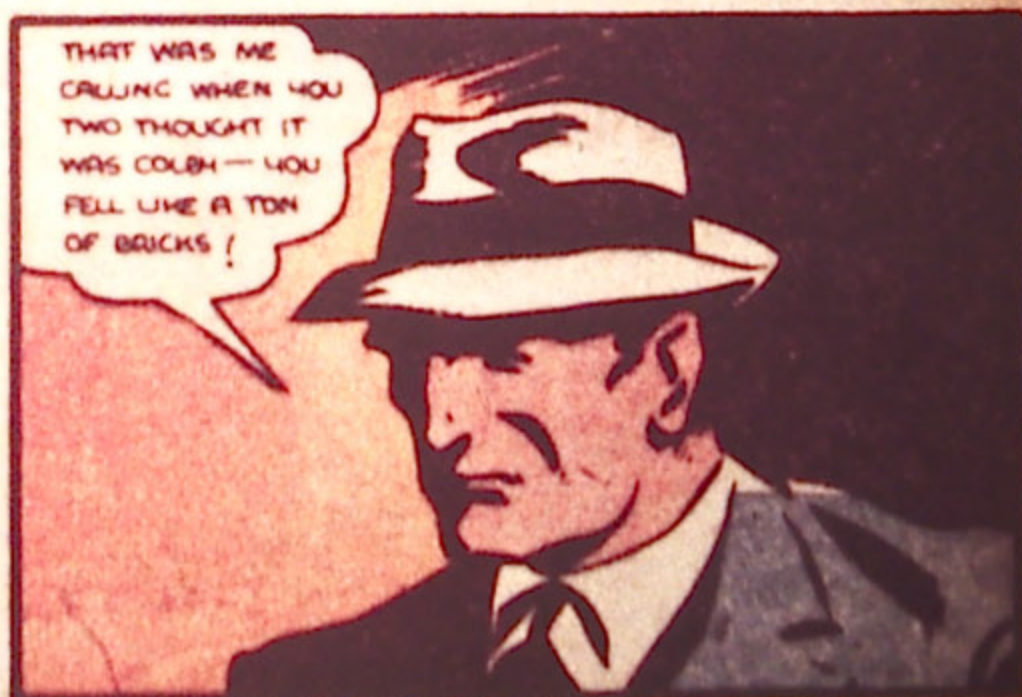
THINK YOU'VE
HEARD ENOUGH,
CHIEF ?



I'LL SAY I HAVE !

ALL RIGHT ! GET 'EM
UP YOU TWO BLACK-
MAILERS !





Buck MARSHALL

RANGE
DETECTIVE

BY

AL FLEMING

- BULLET TRAP -

WITH HIS BROAD SHOULDERS SWAYING GRACEFULLY TO THE MOTION OF HIS BRONCO, BUCK MARSHALL, RANGE-DETECTIVE, RIDES ALONG THE TRAIL THAT LEADS EVENTUALLY TO THE RIO GRANDE...

SUDDENLY, HE DRAWS REIN AS HE HEARS THE EVEN DRUM OF HOOFS, SOME DISTANCE BEYOND.



IN ANOTHER MOMENT BUCK SEES A STAGE COACH SWING INTO VIEW FROM AROUND THE FACE OF A BLUFF

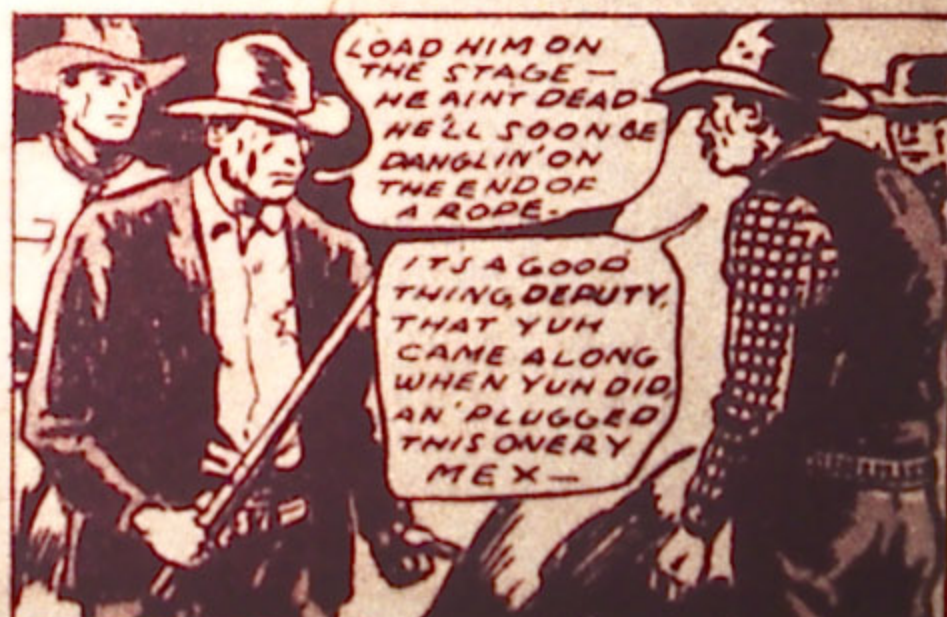


THE HORSES SKID TO A SUDDEN STOP IN A CLOUD OF DUST AS A MEXICAN BAWLING A COMMAND, STEPS FROM BEHIND A BOULDER - A BANDANA COVERS HALF OF HIS FACE AND HE HAS A SIX-GUN IN EACH HAND



SUDDENLY FROM A CLUMP OF BUSHES TO THE REAR, COMES A RIFLE SHOT - THE BANDIT PITCHES FORWARD ON HIS FACE.

BUCK SPURS FORWARD TO THE SCENE OF THE HOLD-UP - THE DRIVER, GUARD AND A THIRD MAN, ARE BENDING OVER THE BANDIT, LYING ON THE GROUND



BUCK AND THE DEPUTY MAKE THEMSELVES KNOWN TO ONE ANOTHER. WHEN THE STAGE STARTS ON, THEY RIDE TOGETHER A SHORT DISTANCE IN THE REAR.

I'M SHORE GLAD I NAILED THAT SADDLE-COLORED JIGGER - FOLKS ARE RILED UP ABOUT THESE HOLD-UPS -

THERE MUST BE A GANG

I THINK I'LL GO BACK TO THE SCENE OF THE HOLD-UP - I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THE GROUND BEFORE IT GETS TRAMPLED

AT A FORK IN THE TRAIL, BUCK LEAVES THE DEPUTY, DECIDING TO LOOK AROUND FOR SIGNS -

THIS IS WHERE THAT MEXICAN WAITED FOR THE STAGE - NOW THEN, WHICH DIRECTION DID HE COME FROM?

I SORT OF SUSPECTED THIS! THAT MEX WASN'T ALONE - THERE'S ANOTHER SET OF HOOF PRINTS - THEY SEPARATED HERE -

ONE CAME OVER TO THIS CLUMP OF ROCKS PROBABLY TO WATCH THE BACK TRAIL WHILE HIS PART STUCK-UP THE COACH

COME ON, PEPPER I'VE GOT A HUNCH - WE'LL SHOVE OFF FOR THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, PRONTO -

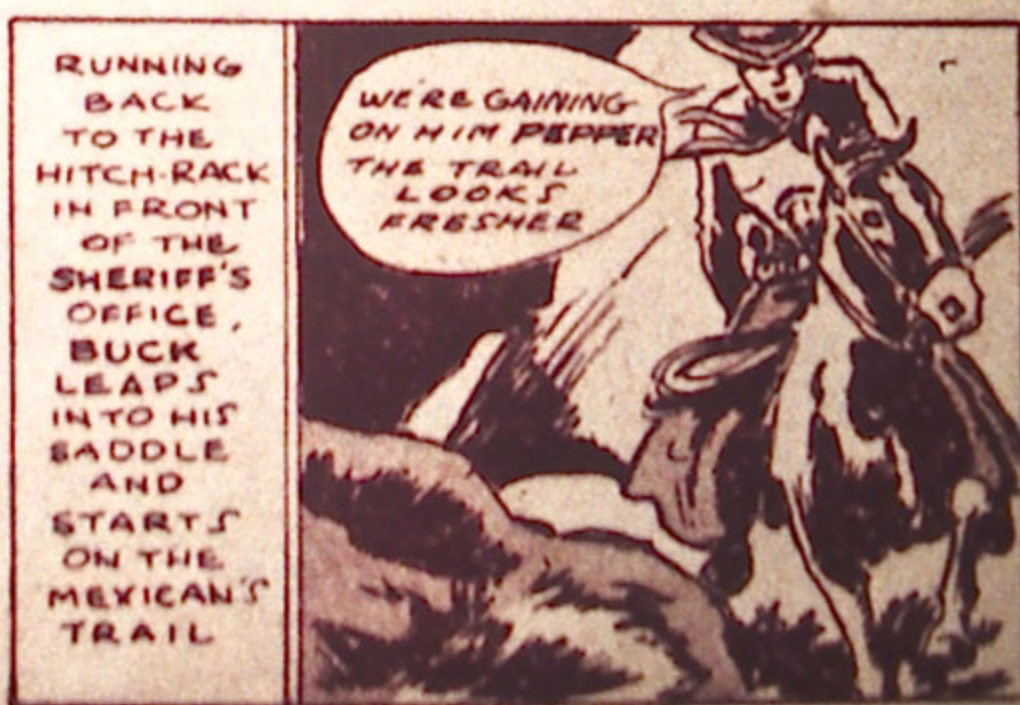
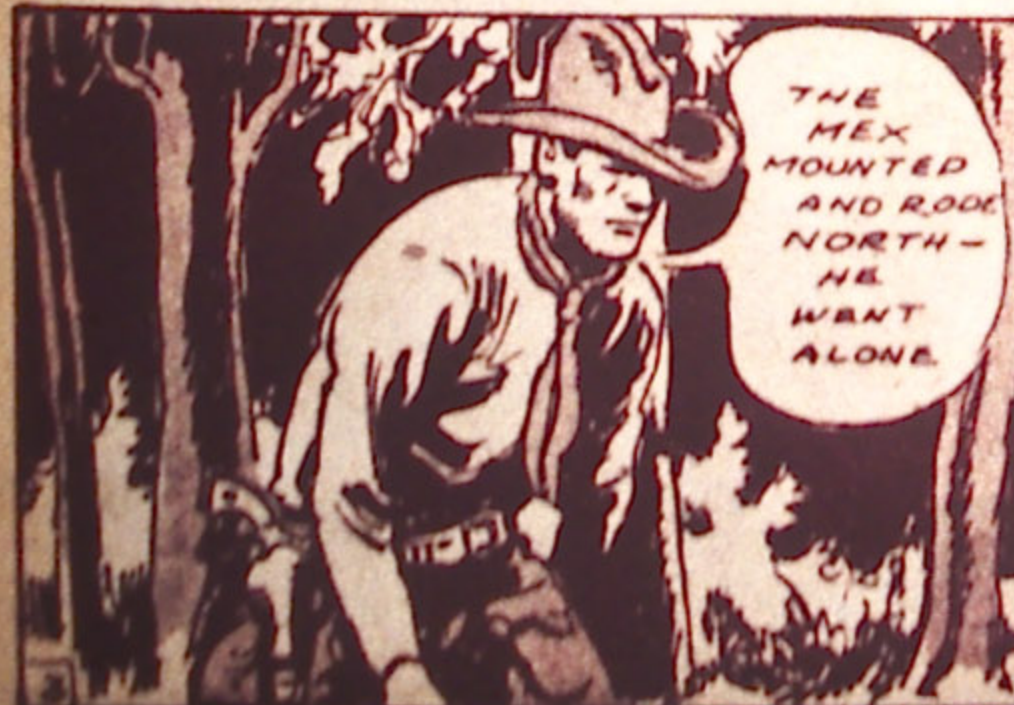
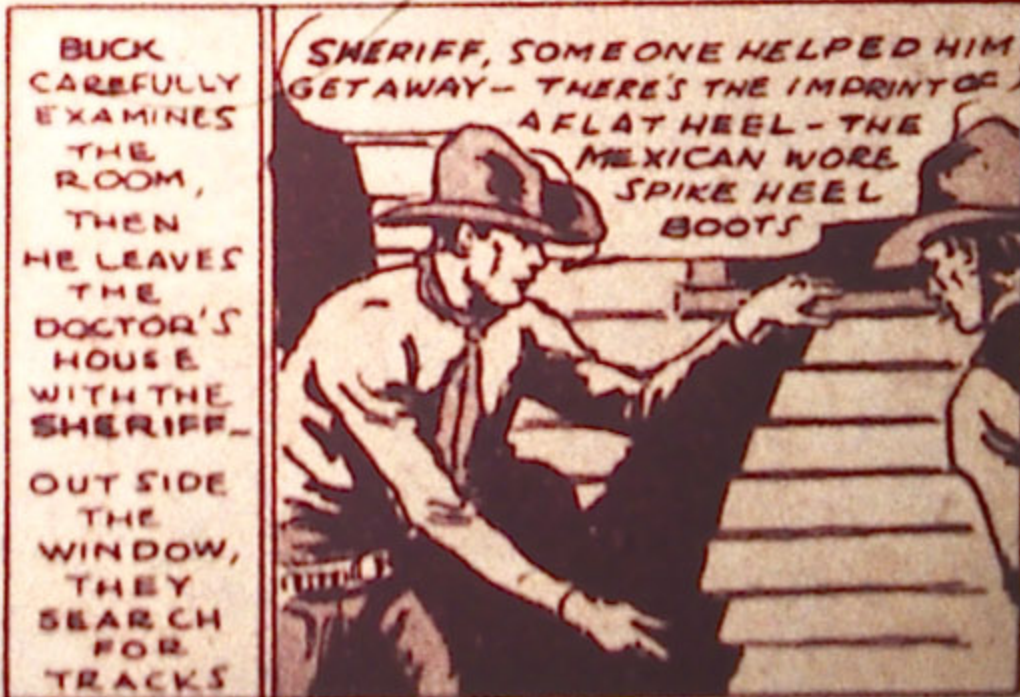
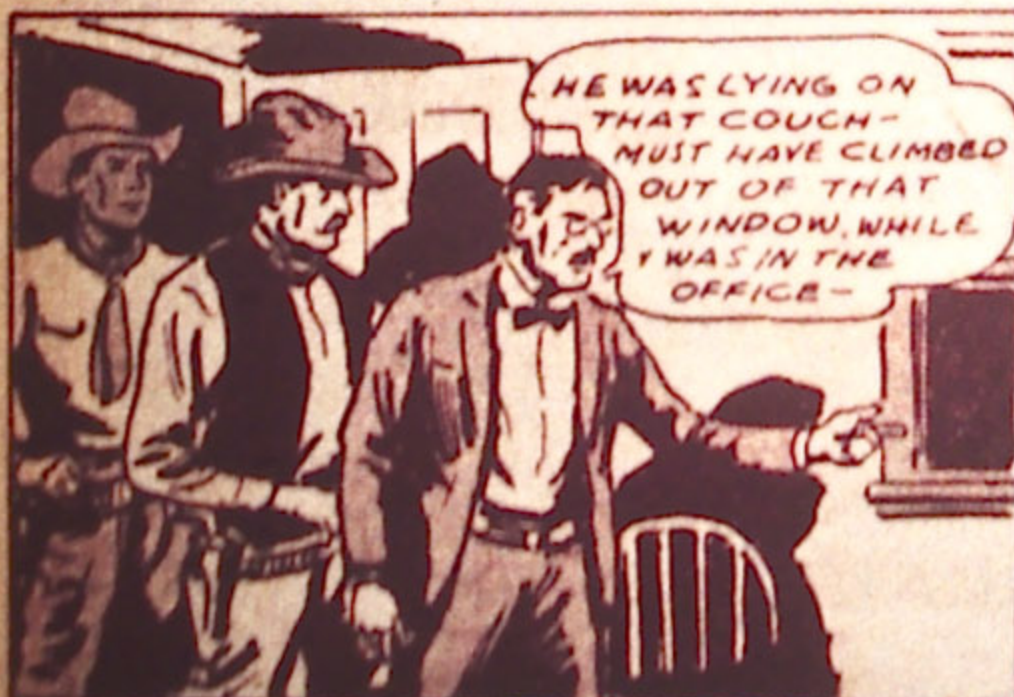
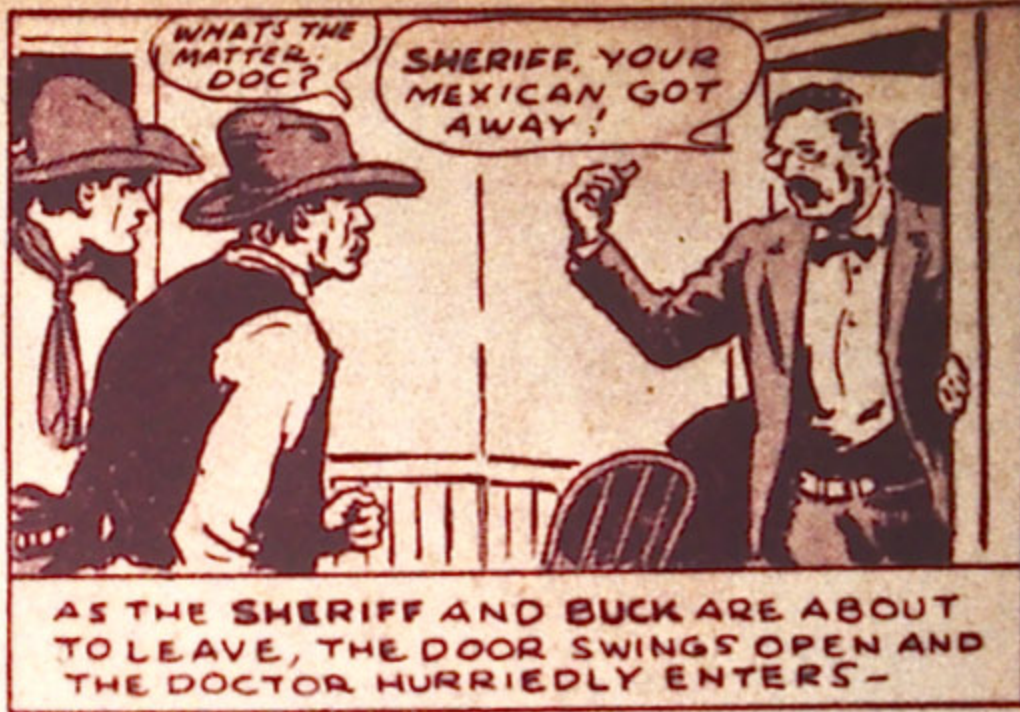
THE SHERIFF IS ALONE IN HIS OFFICE WHEN BUCK ENTERS

BUCK, I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU WERE ON HAND WHEN MY DEPUTY PLUGGED THE MEXICAN ROAD-AGENT

THAT'S RIGHT, SHERIFF - WHERE HAVE YOU GOT HIM?

I HAD TO LEAVE HIM OVER AT THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE - THE BULLET CREASED HIS SKULL - HE'S UNCONSCIOUS - WE'LL GO AND LOOK HIM OVER

O.K. MAYBE HE'LL BE ABLE TO WAG HIS TONGUE, BY NOW -



AS THE TRAIL TWISTS AROUND A JUTTING SHOULDER OF ROCK, BUCK'S BRONCO SNORTS AND COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP

STEADY BOY -

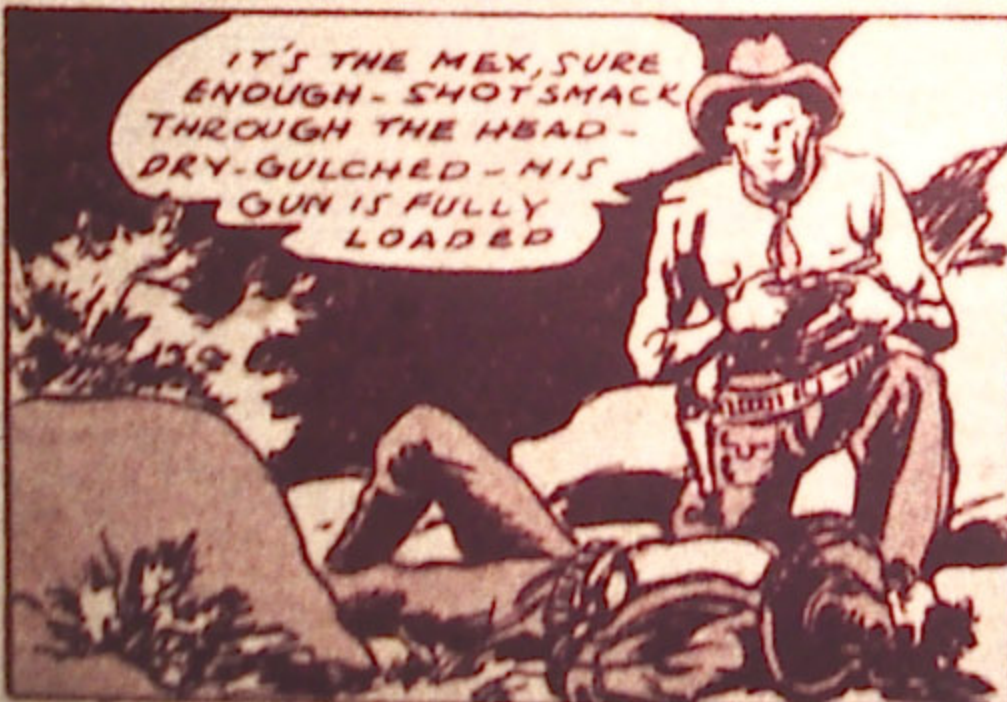


I'LL BE DOG-GONE! IF IT ISN'T THE MEX -



BUCK DISMOUNTS AND DRAWS HIS GUN, EXPECTING TO SEE A RATTLE SNAKE - LYING ON HIS BACK IN A POOL OF BLOOD, IS A MAN -

IT'S THE MEX, SURE ENOUGH - SHOT SMACK THROUGH THE HEAD - DRY-GULCHED - HIS GUN IS FULLY LOADED



WHILE BUCK IS SEARCHING FOR SOME SIGN OF THE KILLER, HE IS BEING WATCHED FROM A BRUSH-COVERED KNOLL ABOVE - CAUTIOUSLY A SIX-GUN IS THRUST THROUGH AN OPENING IN THE FOLIAGE.



AS BUCK CLIMBS UP THE SIDE OF A STEEP BANK, A FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER OF THE GUN! BUCK SWAYS FOR A SECOND -

IN ANOTHER MOMENT, HIS BODY SHOOTS HEAD DOWNWARD, LANDING IN A LIFELESS HEAP AT THE FOOT OF THE BANK -



SOME HOURS LATER, LANK DEVITT, A NESTER, HAPPENS TO BE COMBING THE BRUSH FOR STRAY CATTLE - HE STUMBLES ACROSS BUCK'S UNCONSCIOUS FORM IN A TANGLE OF GRASS

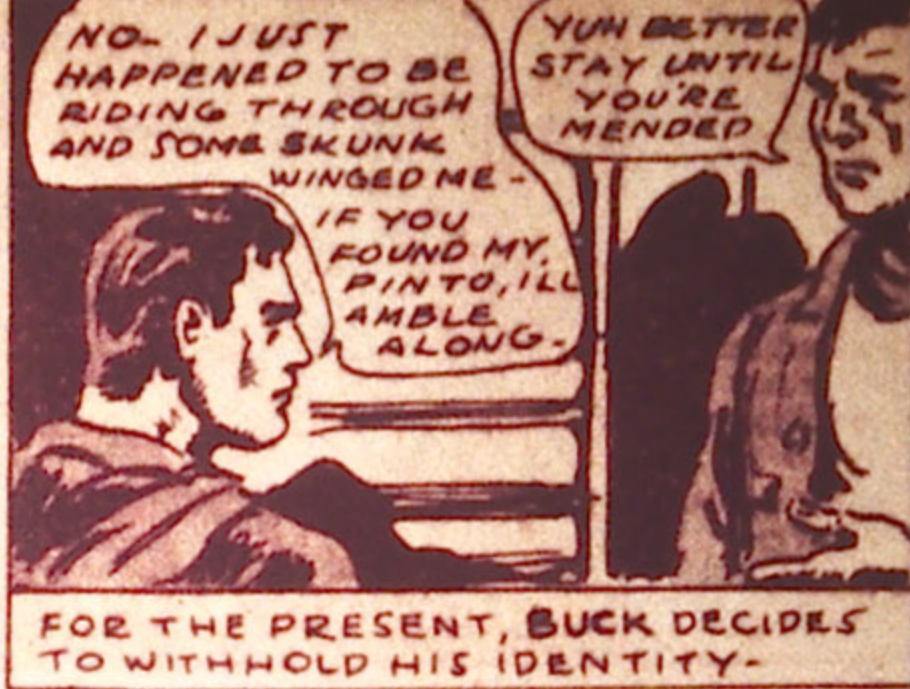
CLOTHES ALL DIRT COVERED - MUST HAVE FALLEN -



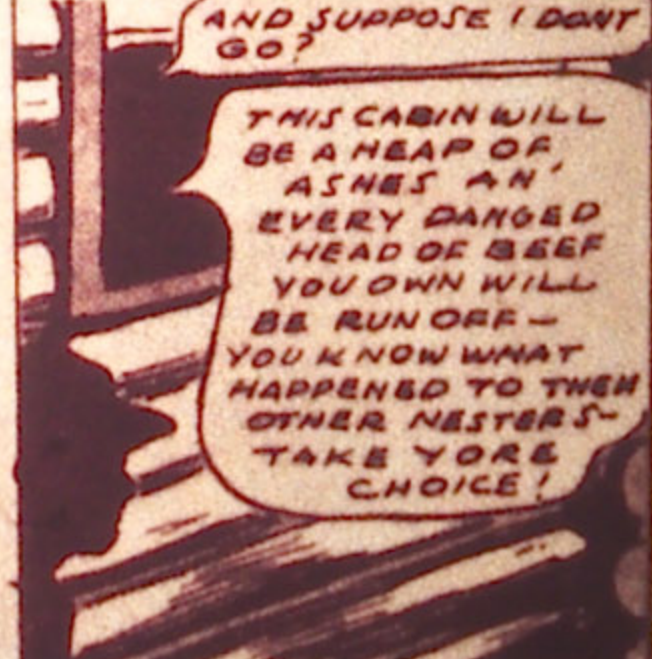
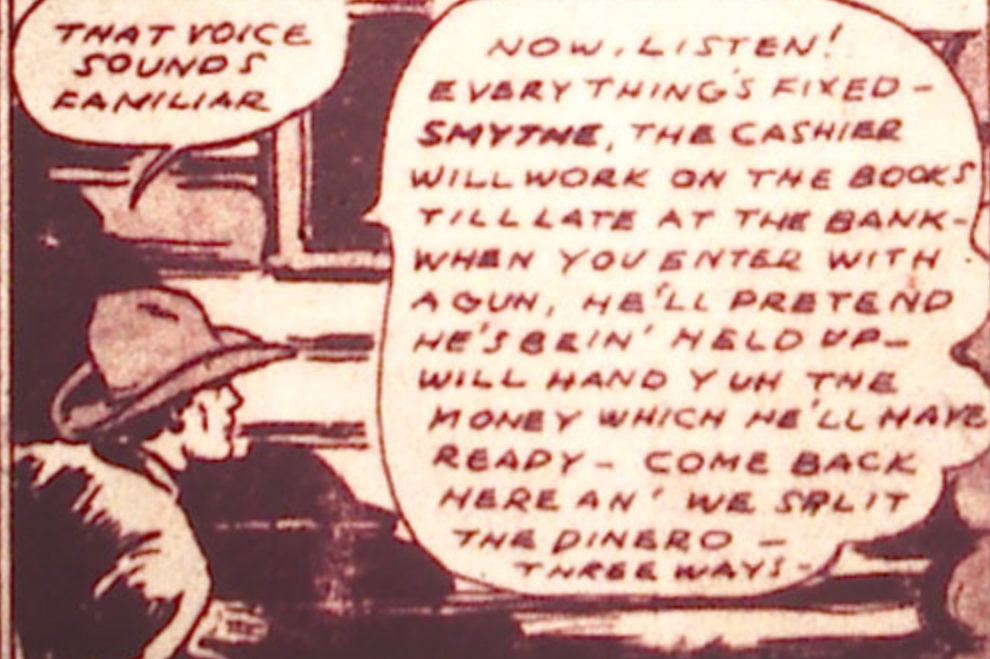
PLENTY O' LIFE IN HIM YET - KIND OF UGLY WOUND, THOUGH - MUST HAVE STRUCK HIS HEAD WHEN HE FELL - I'LL TAKE HIM UP TO THE CABIN -



WHEN BUCK BECOMES CONSCIOUS AGAIN, HE FINDS HIMSELF ON A COT IN A CABIN. HIS RIGHT ARM IS IN A SLING



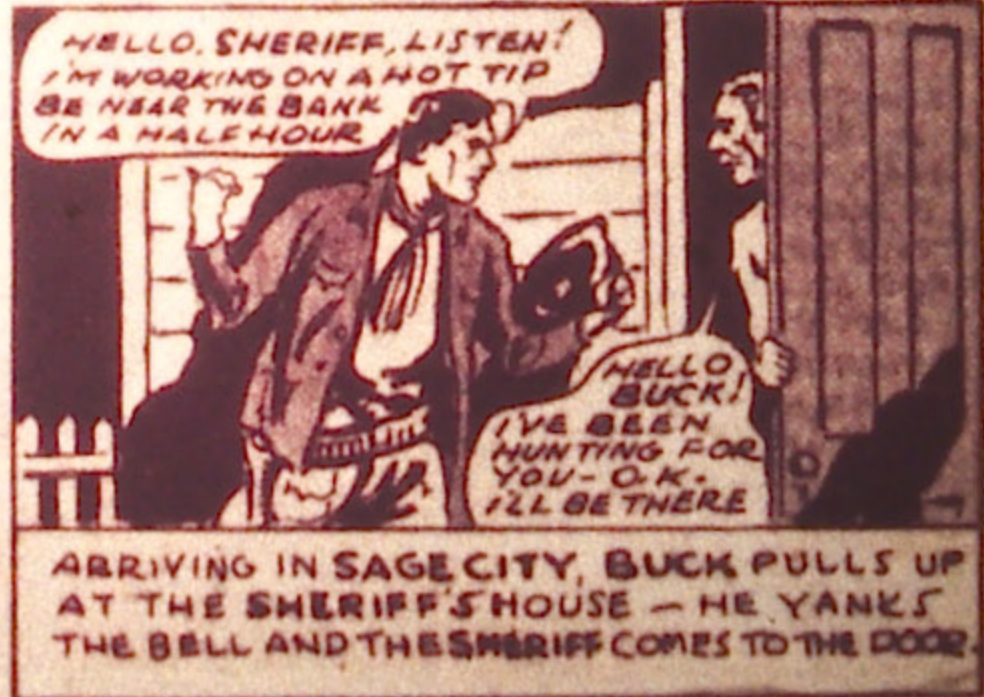
IN ABOUT THREE WEEKS BUCK IS FULLY RECOVERED AND IS HELPING DEVITT WITH THE CHORES - ONE NIGHT ON HIS RETURN TO THE CABIN, HE OVERHEARS SOMEONE TALKING TO DEVITT.



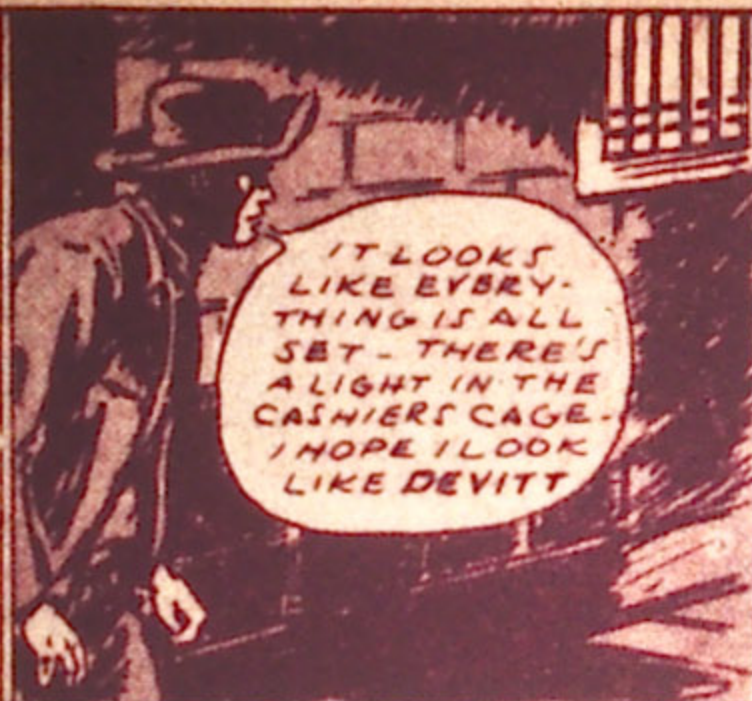
WHEN THE VISITOR HAD GONE, BUCK RUSHES INTO THE CABIN - DEVITT IS LOADING HIS GUN



PUTTING ON DEVITT'S HAT AND JACKET, BUCK RUNS TO THE CORRAL. IN A FEW MINUTES HE IS HEADING FOR SAGE CITY ON ONE OF DEVITT'S BRONCOS



LEAPING INTO THE SADDLE, BUCK HEADS FOR THE BANK - A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE BUILDING, HE DISMOUNTS AND TIES HIS HORSE. AT THE APPOINTED TIME, HE WALKS TO THE BANK.



DODGING INTO THE BANK, HE SLIPS THROUGH THE CAGE DOOR WHICH HAS BEEN LEFT OPEN.

SUDDENLY, AT THE SOUND OF A FOOT-STEP FROM BEHIND, HE SWINGS AROUND - A MAN IS IN THE DOORWAY - A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE OTHER FIRES, BUCK'S BULLET SENDS THE INTRUDER'S GUN, SPINNING IN THE AIR.



WITH A HOWL OF RAGE, THE DEPUTY LUNGES WITH A VICIOUS SWING OF HIS FIST, BARELY GRAZING BUCK'S JAW -

BUCK COUNTERS WITH A LEFT HOOK TO THE DEPUTY'S CHIN THAT SENDS HIS HEAD BACK WITH A SNAP - HE LANDS ON THE FLOOR IN A HEAP -

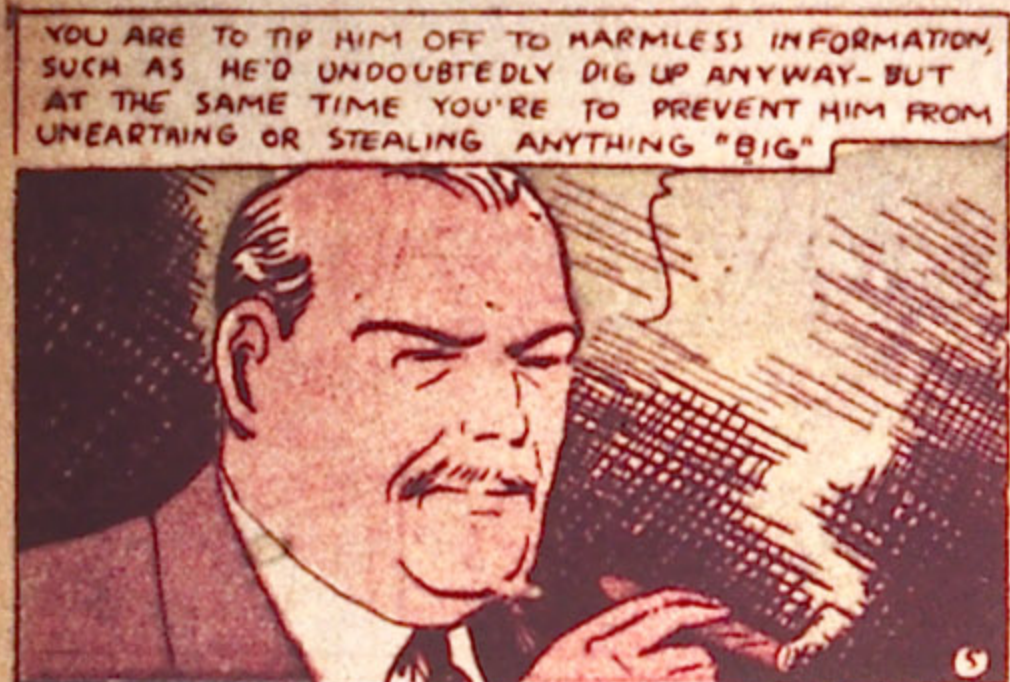
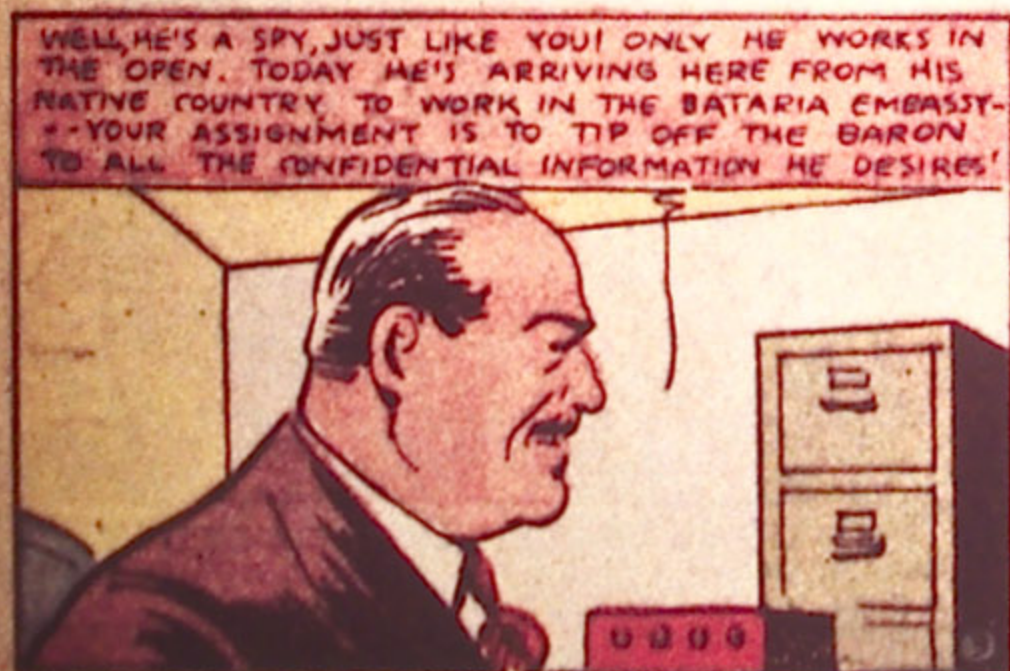
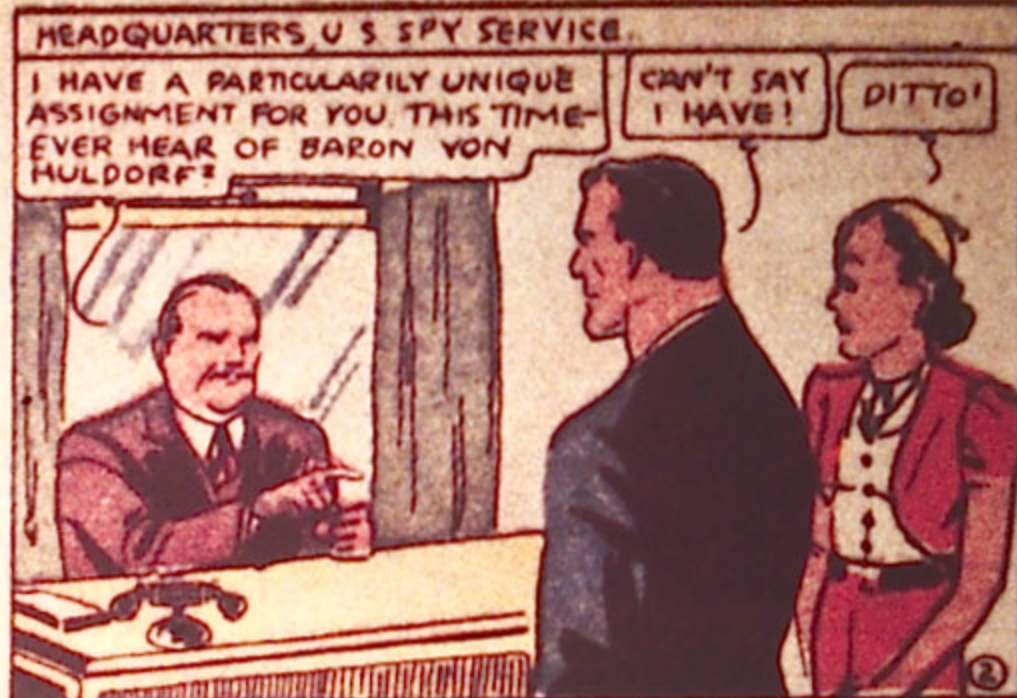


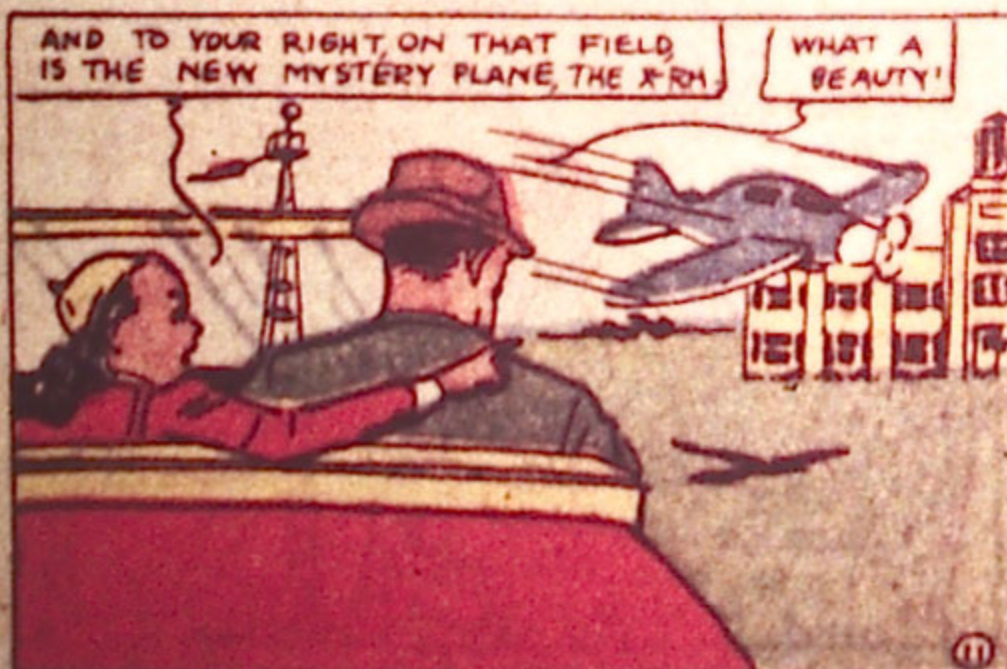
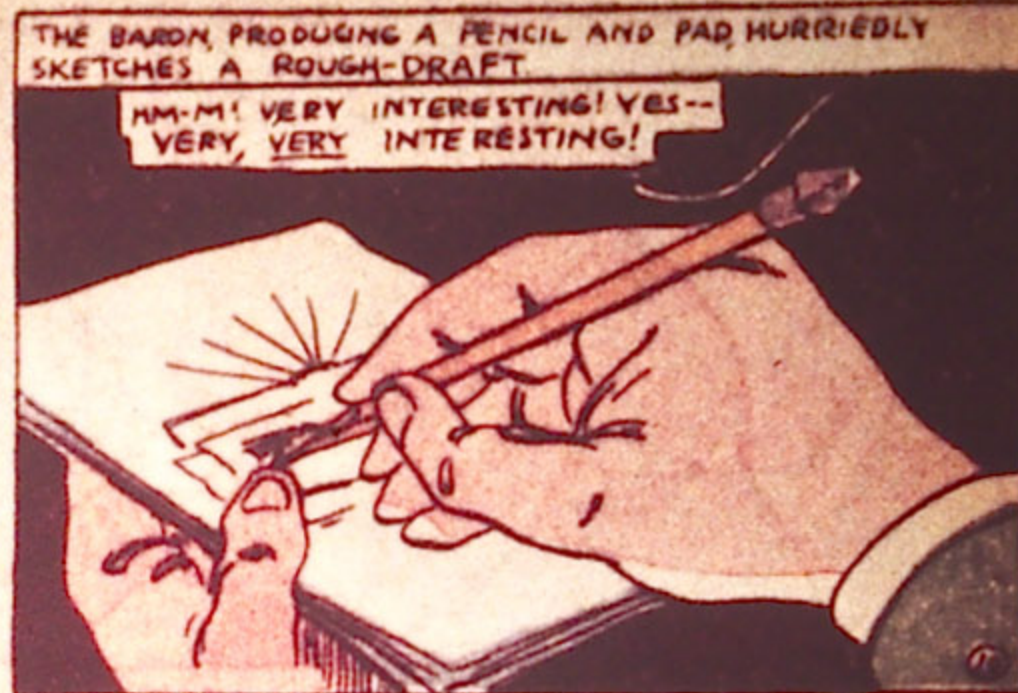
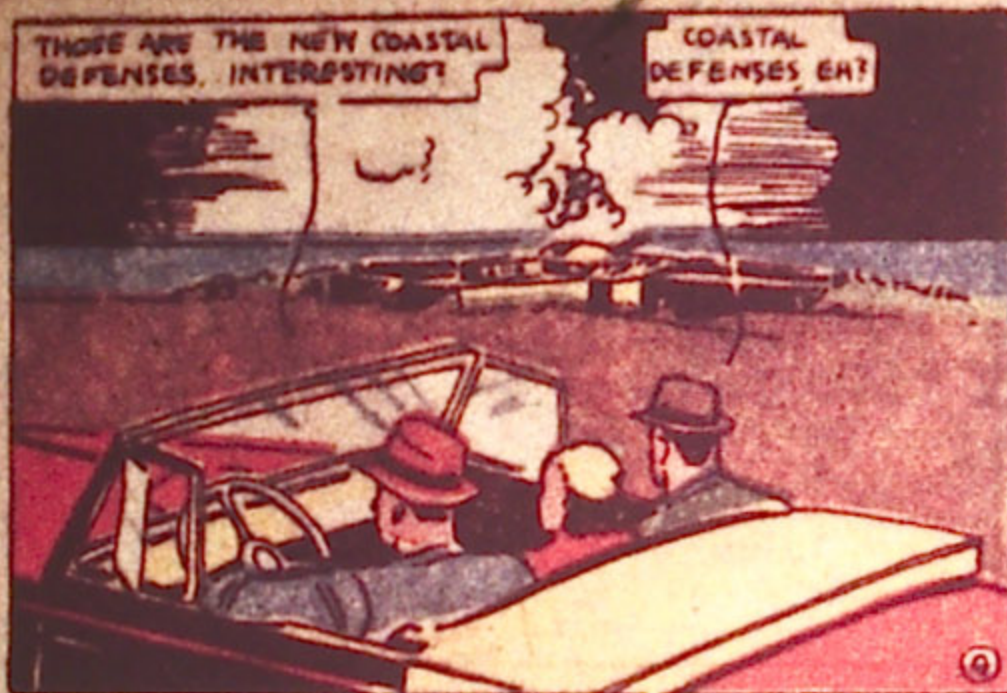
AND SHERIFF, HERE'S YOUR ROAD AGENT, THE MURDERER OF THE MEXICAN AND HEAD OF A GANG OF LAND HOGS - HIS METHOD IS TO INTIMIDATE HIS VICTIM TO DO HIS CROOKED WORK, THEN HE PLUGS HIM IN THE BACK AND COLLECTS THE REWARD MONEY -

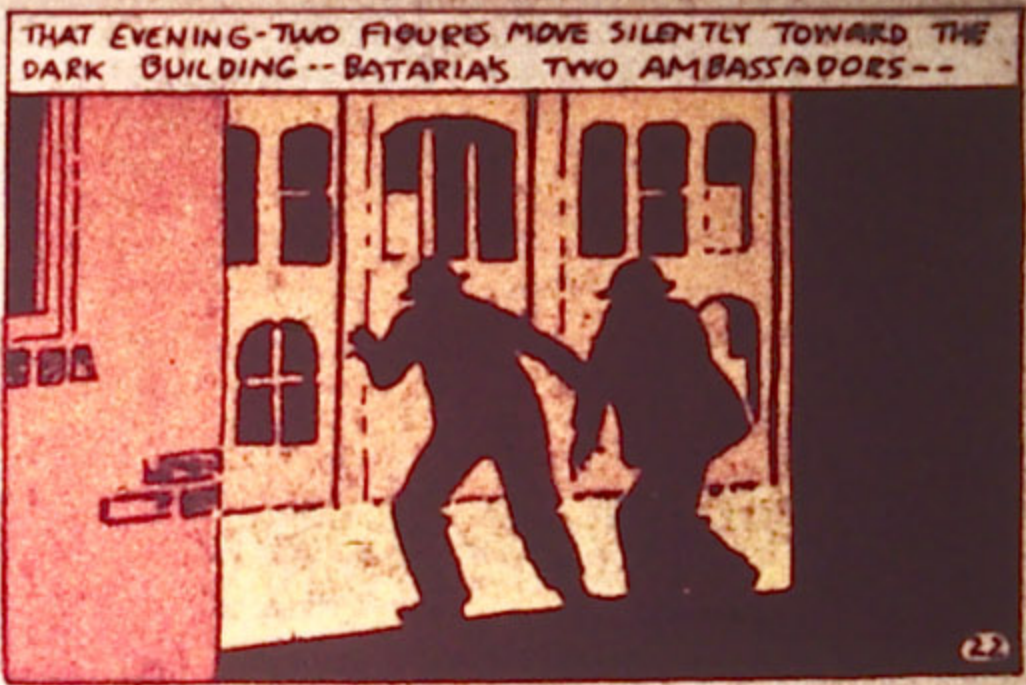
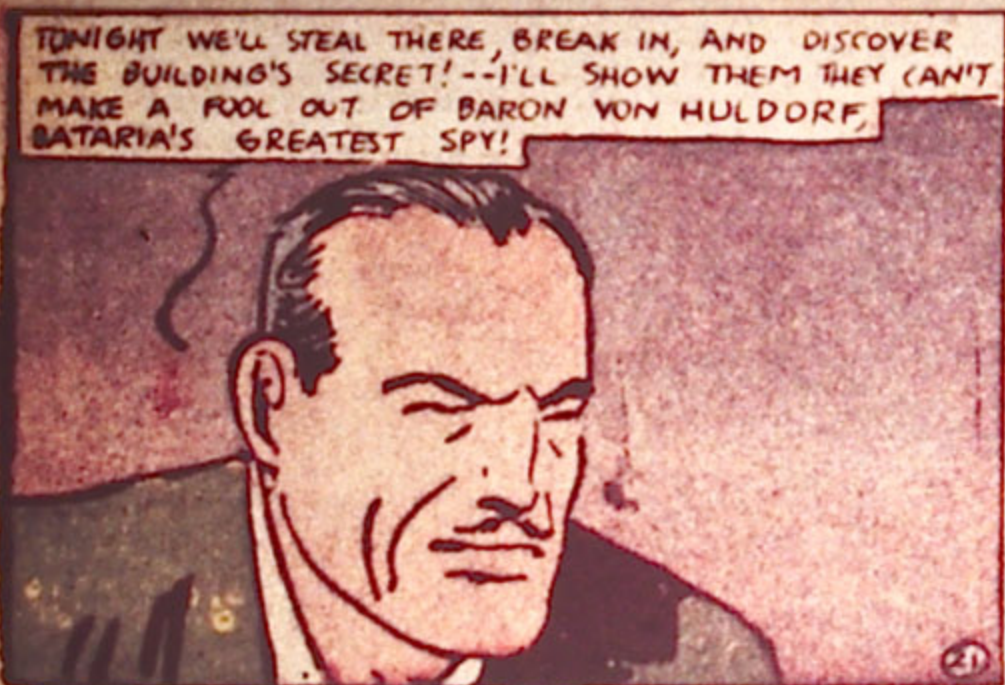
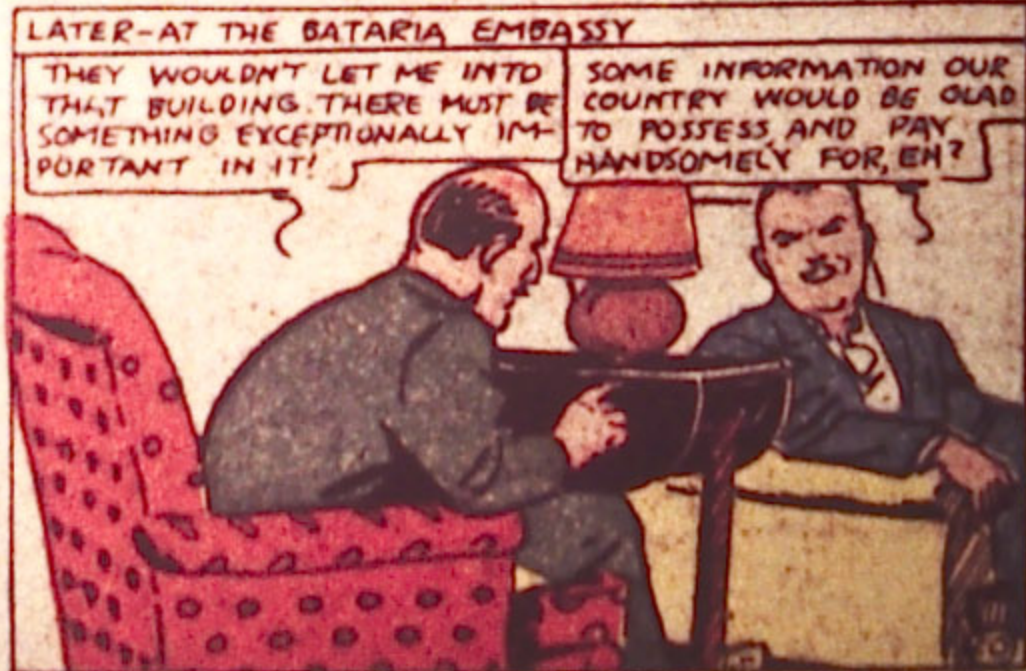


SO THAT'S THE KIND OF A SKUNK I DEPUTIZED, IS IT? NO WONDER THERE'S BEEN SO MANY MYSTERIOUS KILLINGS AND RAID ON SMALL RANCHES - COME ON, GET GOIN' - I'LL SEE THAT YOU AND SMYTHE GET SWIFT JUSTICE

THE END







THE CHIEF OF THE SPY SERVICE READS THE MORNING PAPER WITH GREAT SATISFACTION

OOO OH! SALLY AN' BART! -
I KNEW I COULD RELY UPON
THEM TO DO THE TRICK!



SALLY AND BART DITTO...

WELL, WE DID IT
AGAIN, EH SALLY?

UH-HUH!



THE BARON VON HULDORF--

I SHALL NEVER RECOVER FROM
THE BLOW TO MY PRIDE!



-- BUT MOST INTERESTED OF ALL IN THE ARTICLE
IS LORENZO RICA, VICIOUS INTERNATIONAL SPY!

VON HULDORF LEAVING, EH? - I SEE THE HAND
OF BART REGAN AND SALLY NORRIS BEHIND THIS!



THEY'VE GOT TO BE STOPPED! TOO MANY PLOTS
HAVE BEEN FOILED BY THEIR MEDDLING! AND
THE ONLY WAY TO DO IT, IS TO ELIMINATE
THEM FOR GOOD!



SINCE NO ONE ELSE WILL DO IT, IT'S UP TO ME! -
I'LL HUNT THEM LIKE WILD BEASTS OF THE
JUNGLE, AND SHOOT THEM DOWN WITHOUT MERCY!



THAT AFTERNOON, AS SALLY AND BART LEAVE
THE OFFICE BUILDING--

IT WAS SWELL OF THE CHIEF TO
GIVE US A WEEK'S VACATION! MAYBE NOW WE
CAN HAVE SOME FUN!



THERE THEY ARE! -
ONE SHOT, AND...



RICA FIRES!



-- AND MISSES!



DON'T MOVE!

WHOEVER IT IS HE SEEMS TO HAVE STOPPED SHOOTING!



SALLY IS CORRECT RICA HAS TAKEN TO FLIGHT MISSED BUT NEXT TIME ---

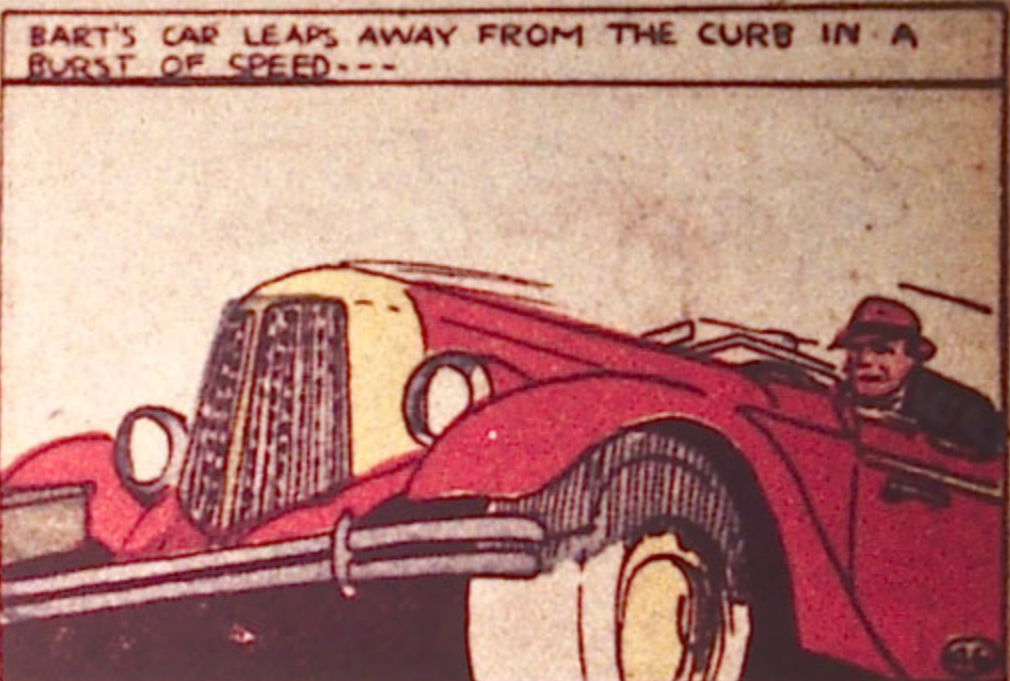


I WONDER WHO COULD BE TAKING A POT SHOT AT ME?

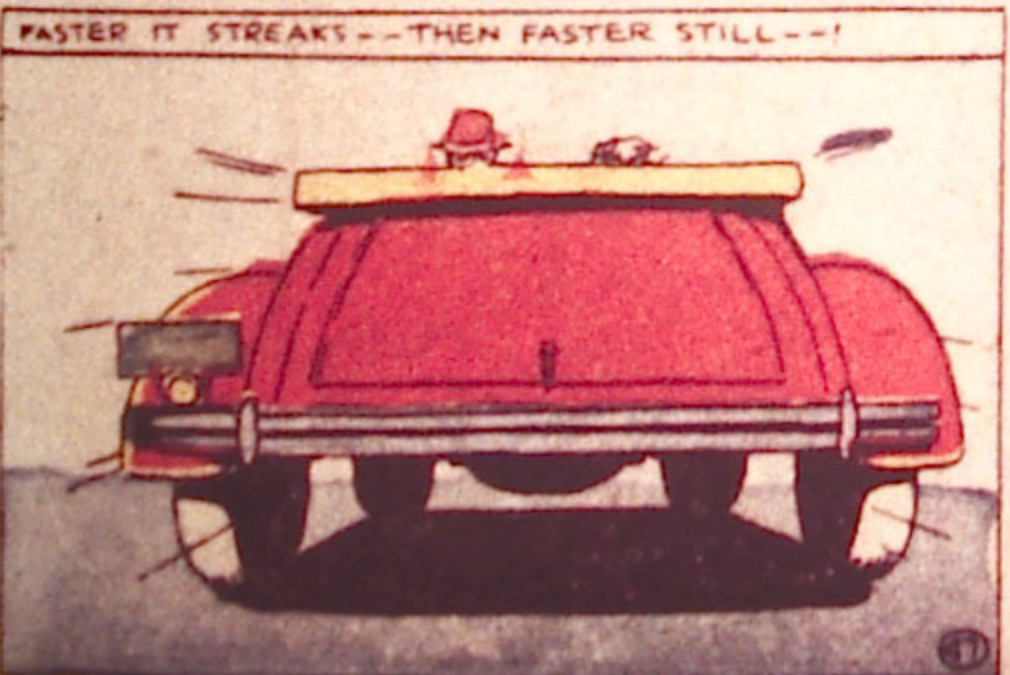
LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!



BART'S CAR LEAPS AWAY FROM THE CURB IN A BURST OF SPEED---

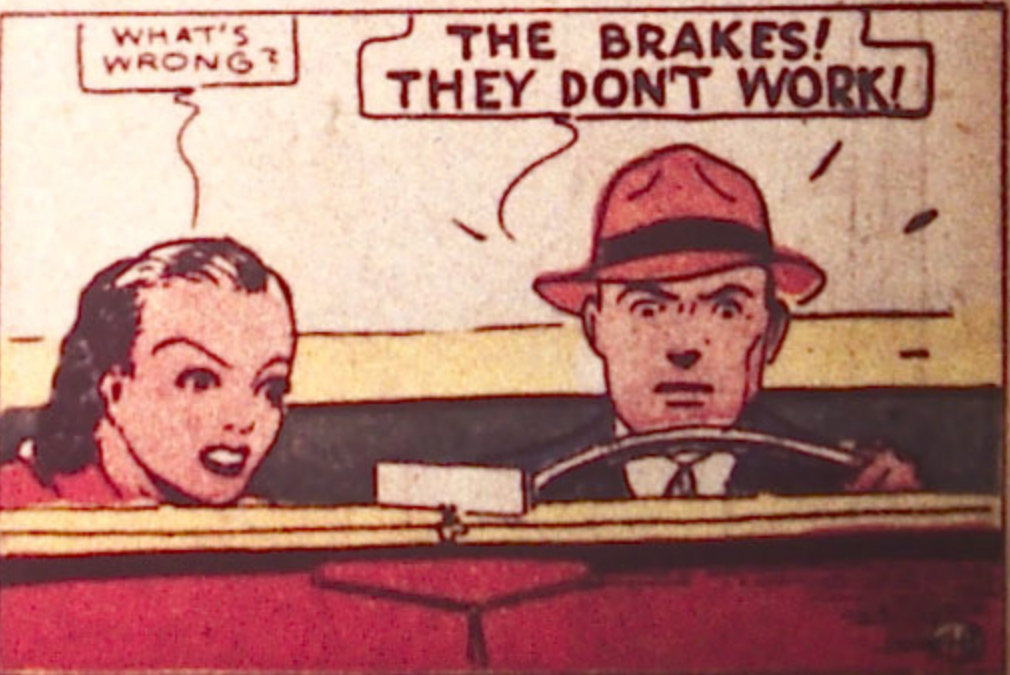


FASTER IT STREAKS -- THEN FASTER STILL --!



WHAT'S WRONG?

THE BRAKES! THEY DON'T WORK!



ON RACES THE AUTO AT A TERRIFIC CLIP--

I THINK IT'S SLOWING!

IT HAD BETTER-- OR WE'RE SUNK!



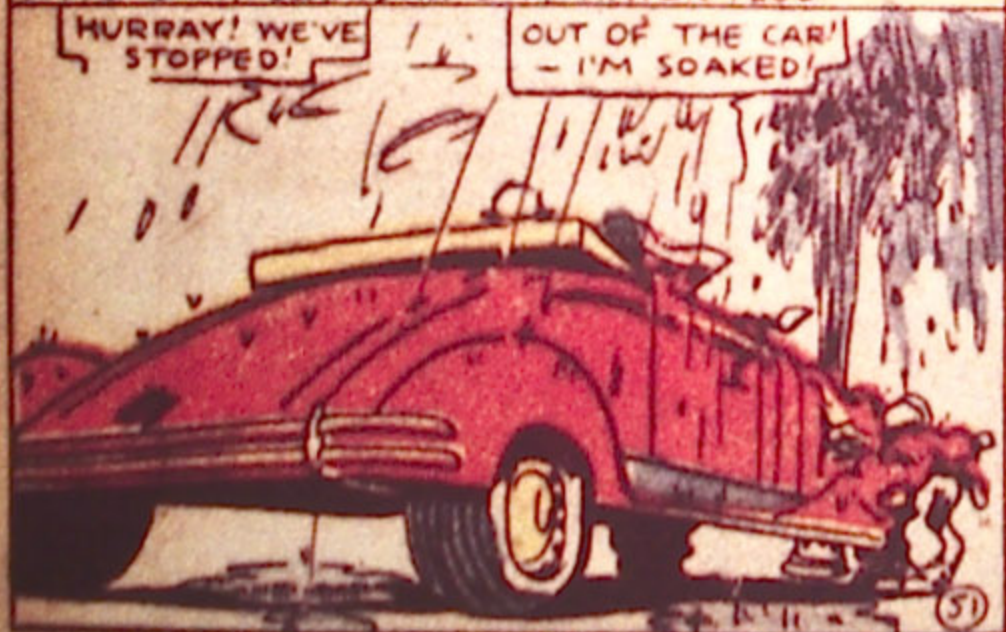
--NARROWLY ESCAPING CRASHING OTHER MACHINES BY WEAVING DESPERATELY!



SUDDENLY--IT SLAMS INTO A WATER-PLUG

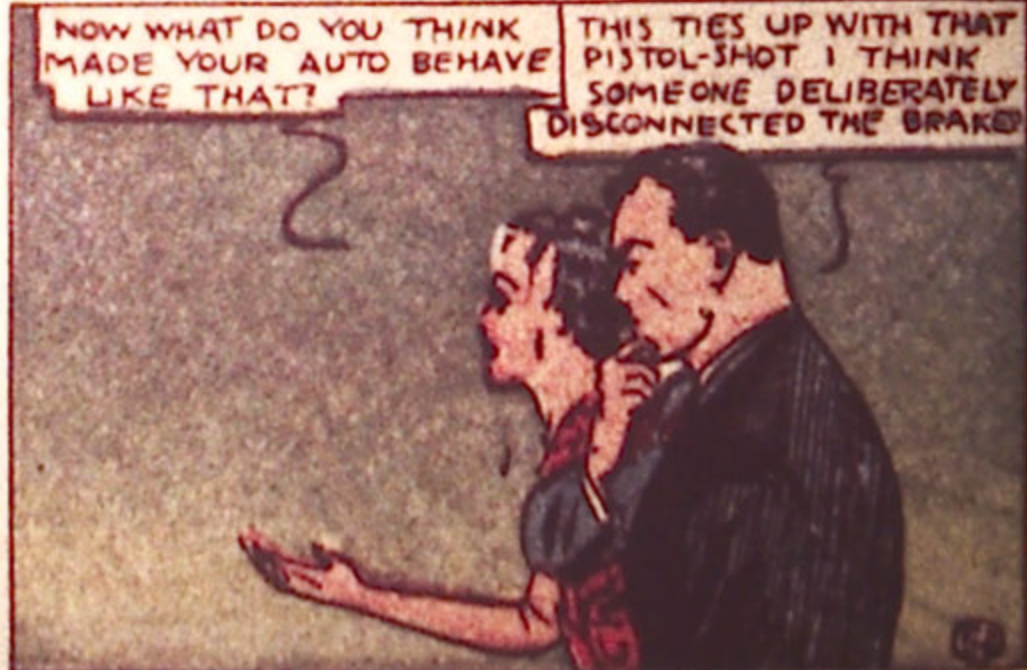
HURRAY! WE'VE STOPPED!

OUT OF THE CAR! - I'M SOAKED!



NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK MADE YOUR AUTO BEHAVE LIKE THAT?

THIS TIES UP WITH THAT PISTOL-SHOT I THINK SOMEONE DELIBERATELY DISCONNECTED THE BRAKES



IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE IS DETERMINED TO KILL US!

LET'S GO TO MY APARTMENT! THIS CALLS FOR A CONFERENCE!



WITHIN BART'S APARTMENT--

IF I'VE CALCULATED CORRECTLY, THEY'LL BE HERE ANY INSTANT! AND WHEN THEY ENTER--

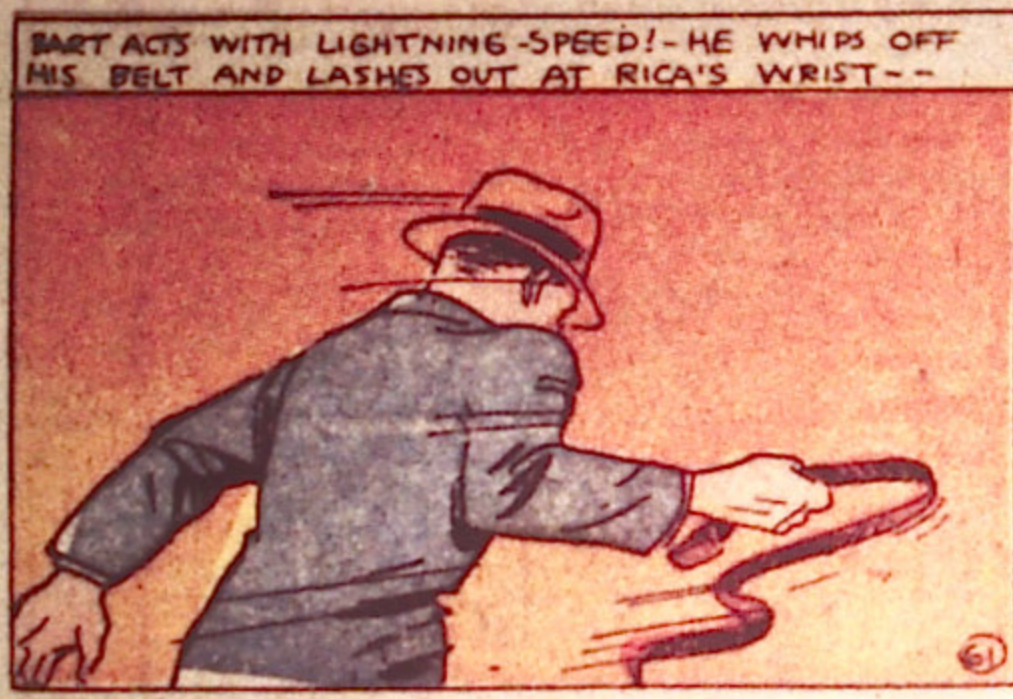
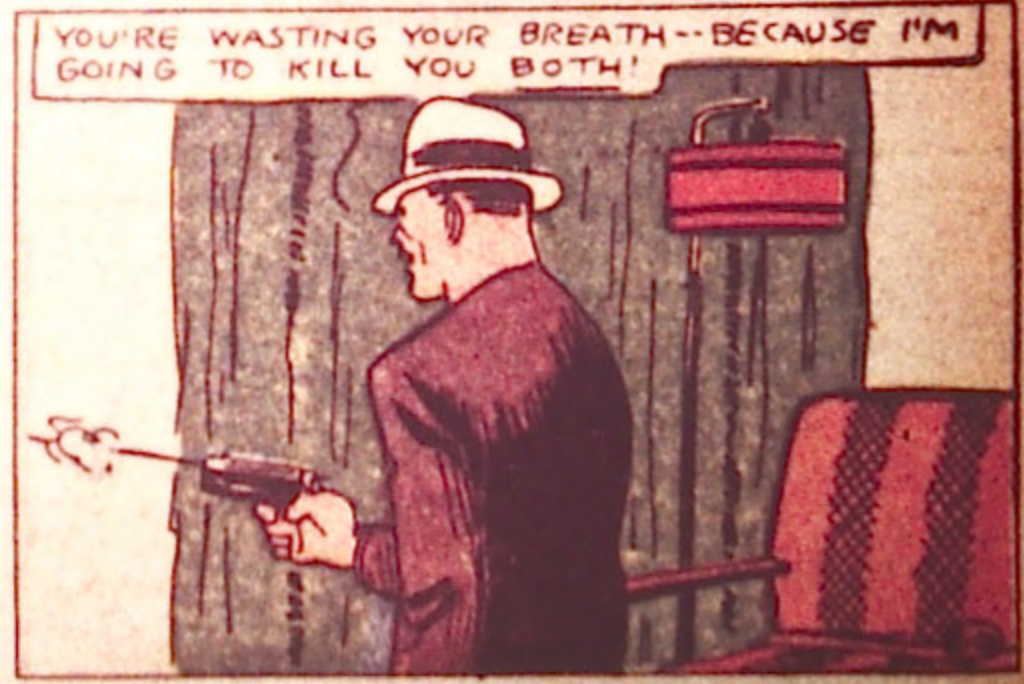
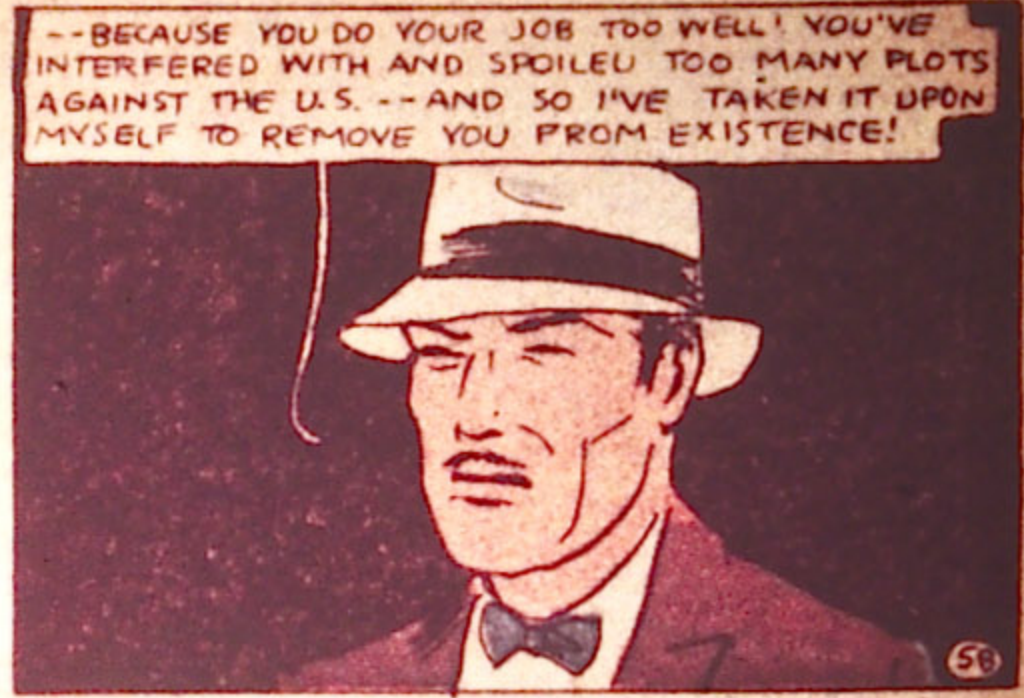


FIRST I'LL PHONE THE CHIEF AND ACQUAINT HIM WITH WHAT'S GOING ON!

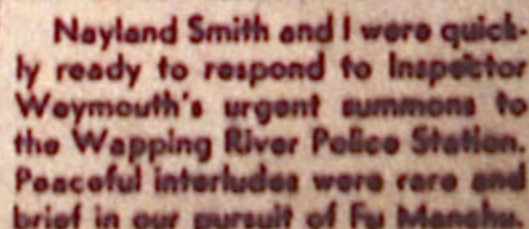
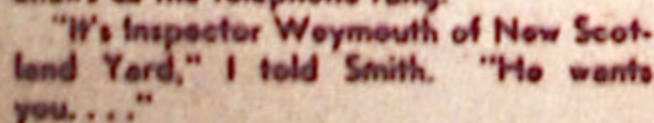
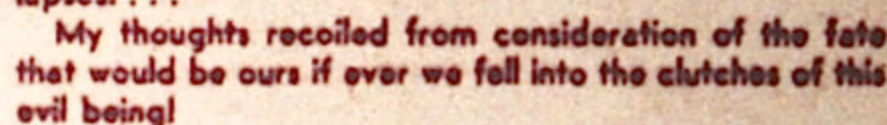
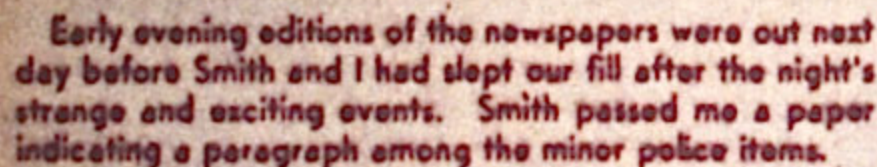
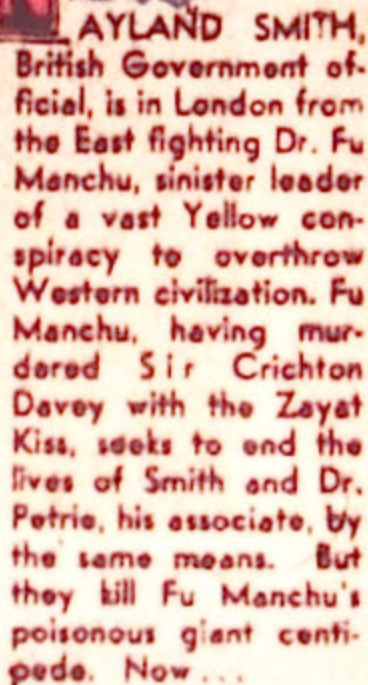


COME IN---

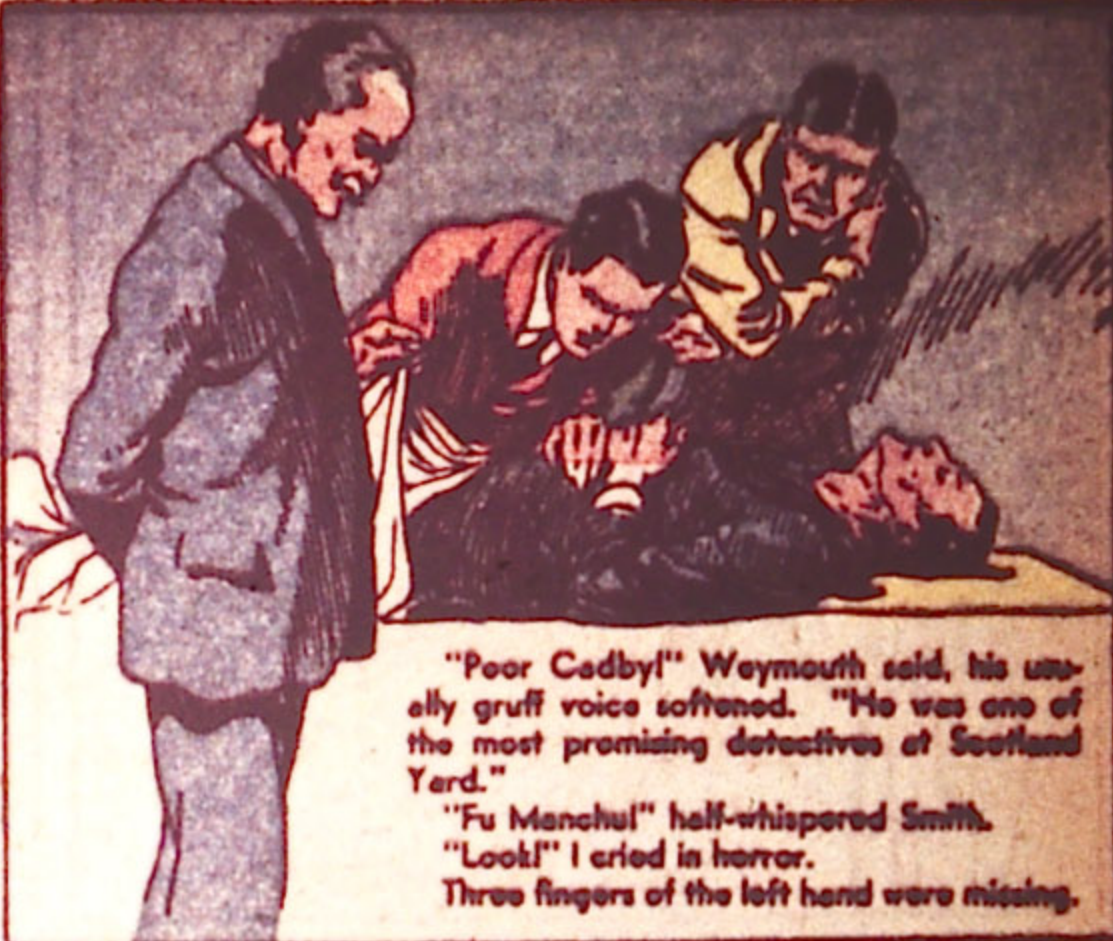




SAX ROHMER



"It is certainly something important, Petrie," said Smith as we waited for a taxi to pull up, "and it is probably ghastly if Fu Manchu is at the bottom of it." At the police station we were taken immediately to Inspector Weymouth. Greeting us briefly, he nodded toward a long table still

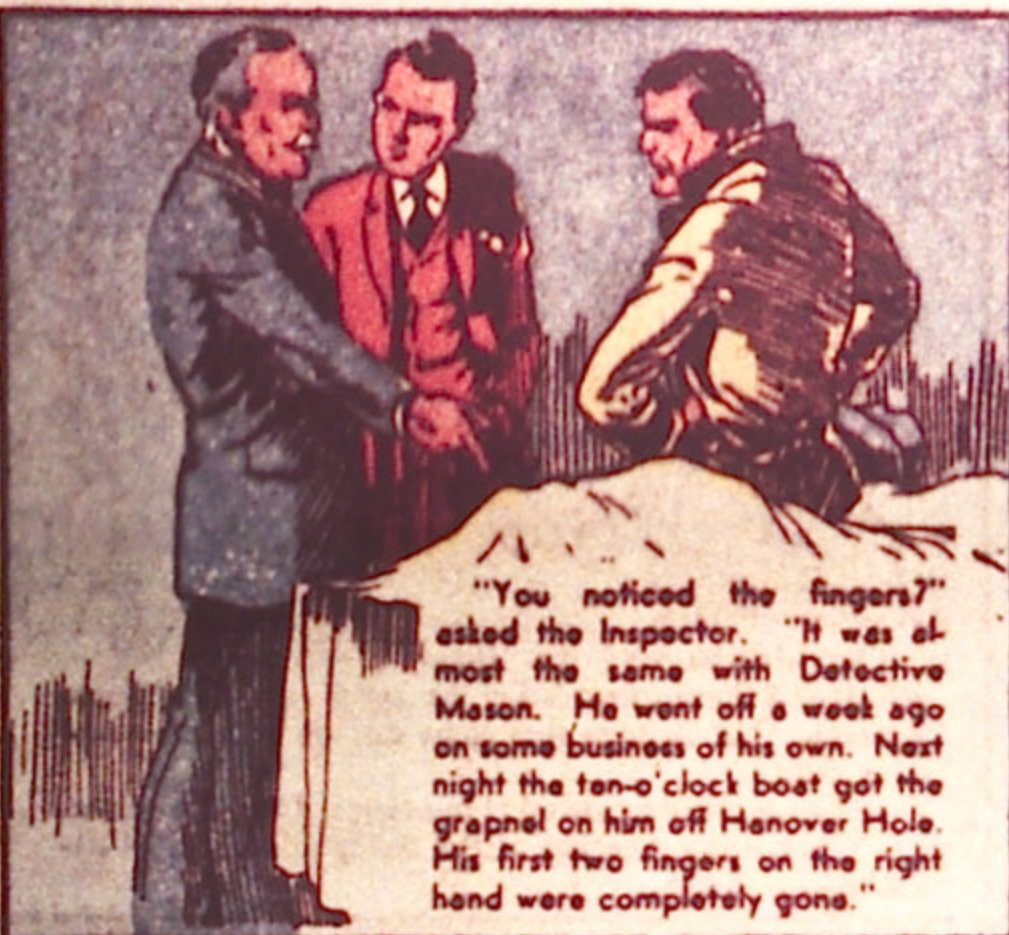


"Poor Cadby!" Weymouth said, his usually gruff voice softened. "He was one of the most promising detectives at Scotland Yard."

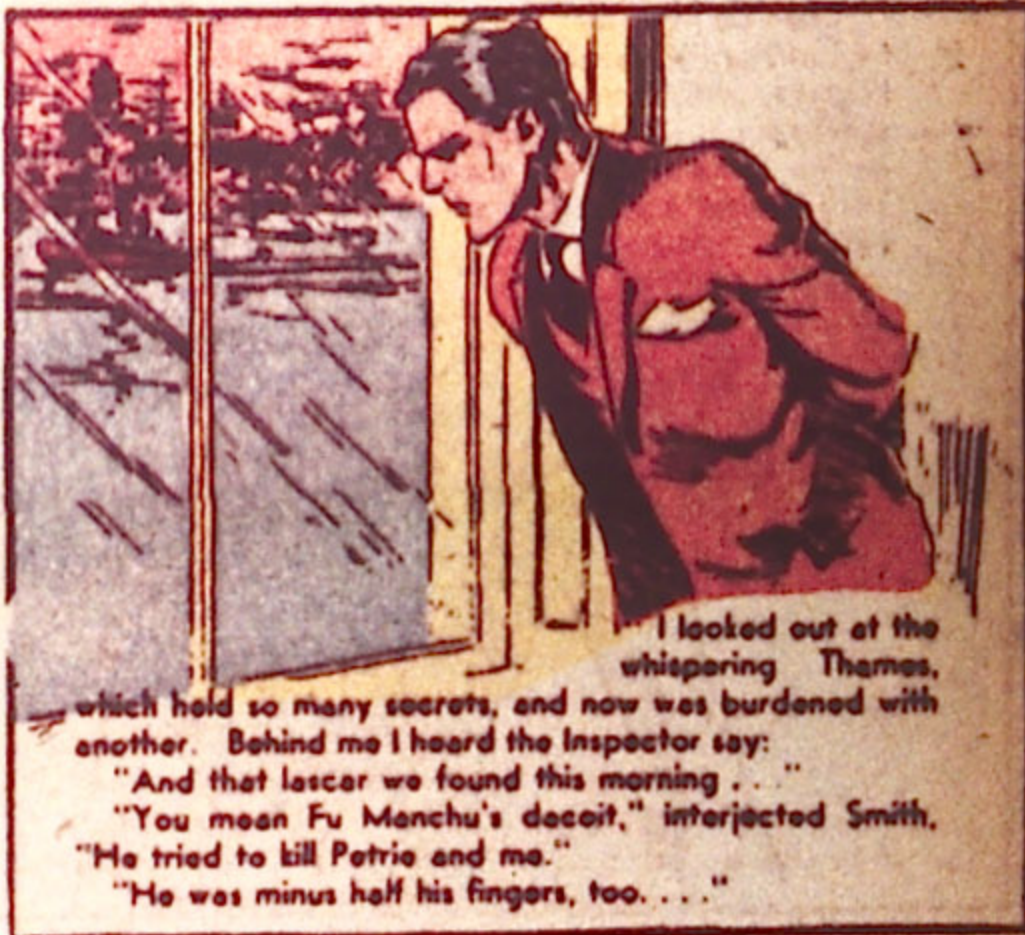
"Fu Manchul" half-whispered Smith.

"Look!" I cried in horror.

Three fingers of the left hand were missing.



"You noticed the fingers?" asked the Inspector. "It was almost the same with Detective Mason. He went off a week ago on some business of his own. Next night the ten-o'clock boat got the grapnel on him off Hanover Hole. His first two fingers on the right hand were completely gone."



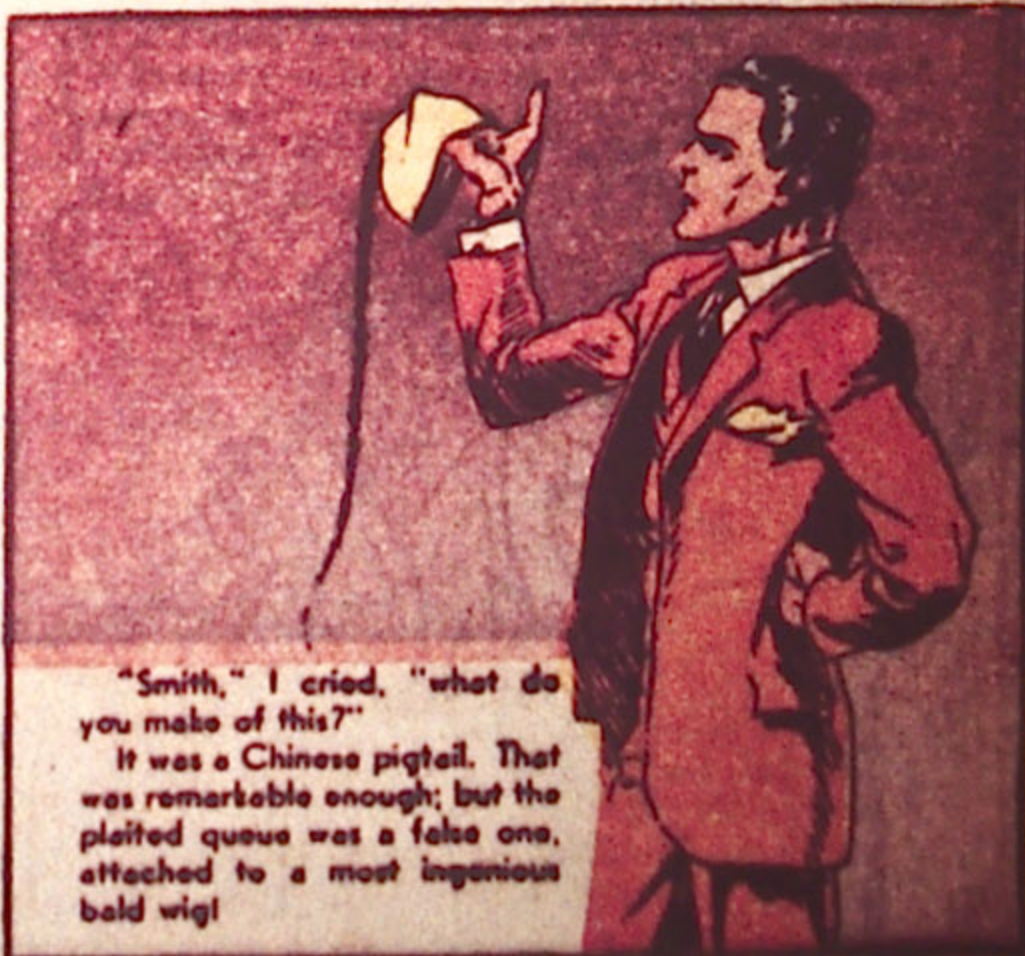
I looked out at the whispering Thames, which held so many secrets, and now was burdened with another. Behind me I heard the Inspector say:

"And that lascar we found this morning . . ."

"You mean Fu Manchu's decoit," interjected Smith. "He tried to kill Petrie and me."

"He was minus half his fingers, too. . . ."

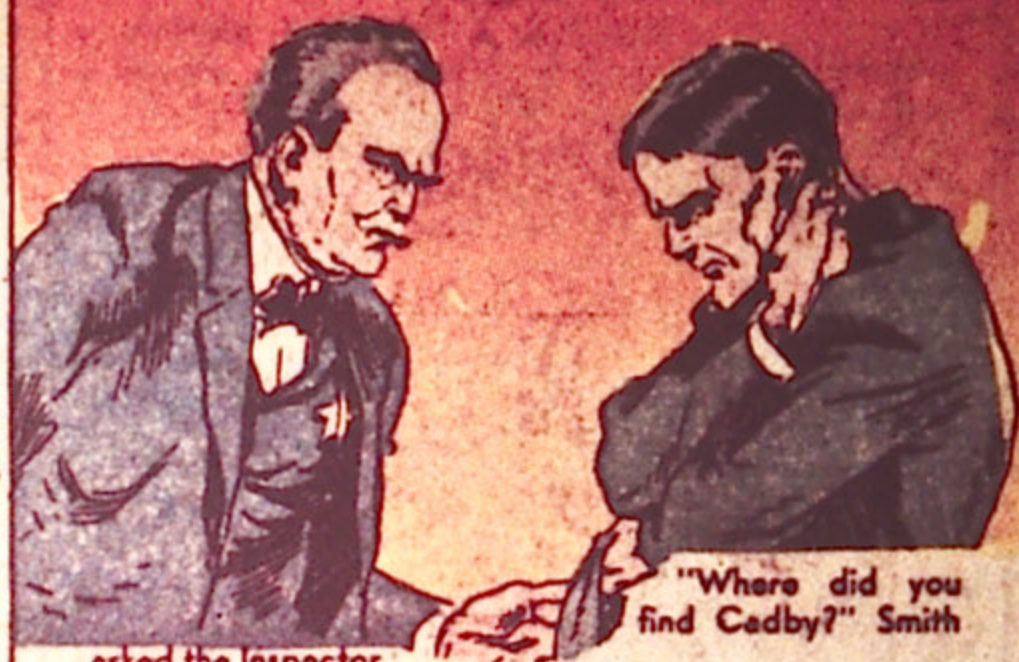
Smith strode up and down the neat little room. I turned to the array of objects found in Detective Cadby's clothing. None of them was noteworthy except that which had been found thrust into the loose neck of the shirt—and had led the police to send for Nayland Smith because the clue pointed to Fu Manchu.



"Smith," I cried, "what do you make of this?"

It was a Chinese pigtail. That was remarkable enough; but the plaited queue was a false one, attached to a most ingenious bald wig!

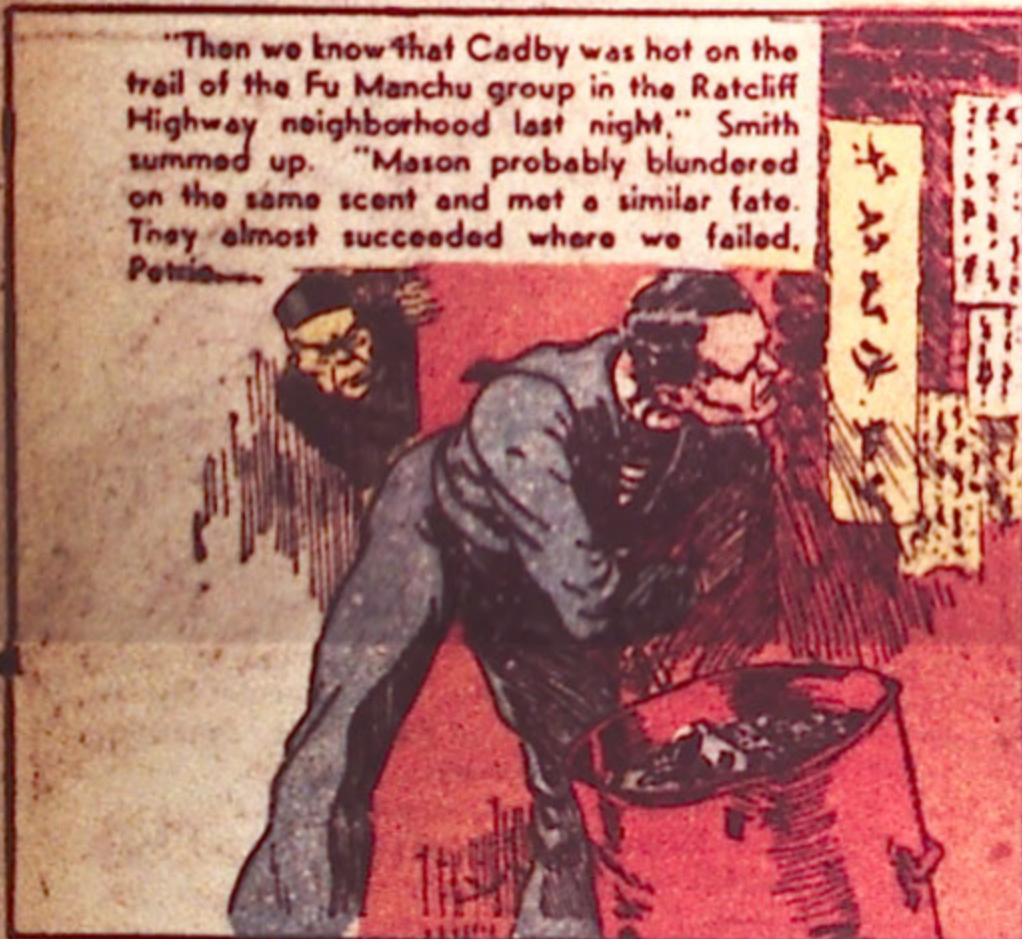
"It wasn't part of Cadby's disguise!" Nayland Smith snapped, in reply to Inspector Weymouth's suggestion that the detective had worn the false pigtail. "It's too small by inches. This thing was made for a most abnormal head."



"Where did you find Cadby?" Smith asked the Inspector.

"Limehouse Reach—under Commercial Dock, exactly an hour ago," he replied, and added that Cadby had been on some mission in the Ratcliff Highway section on the previous evening. "He died from drowning, yet he was a good swimmer. So was the other victim, Mason."

"Then we know that Cadby was hot on the trail of the Fu Manchu group in the Ratcliff Highway neighborhood last night," Smith summed up. "Mason probably blundered on the same scent and met a similar fate. They almost succeeded where we failed, Petrie."



"Fu Manchu had the decoit killed, and these men died in the same way," Smith concluded. "Let us hope that some day we shall know how they died."

I was aghast and puzzled at this series of hideous crimes. "What is the meaning of the mutilated hands?" I demanded of Smith.

Inspector Weymouth handed Nayland Smith Cadby's keys and a card with the detective's address, after telling us where to find Cadby's case-book. "We haven't a second to waste, Petrie," Smith said. "Fu Manchu wants those records, too!"



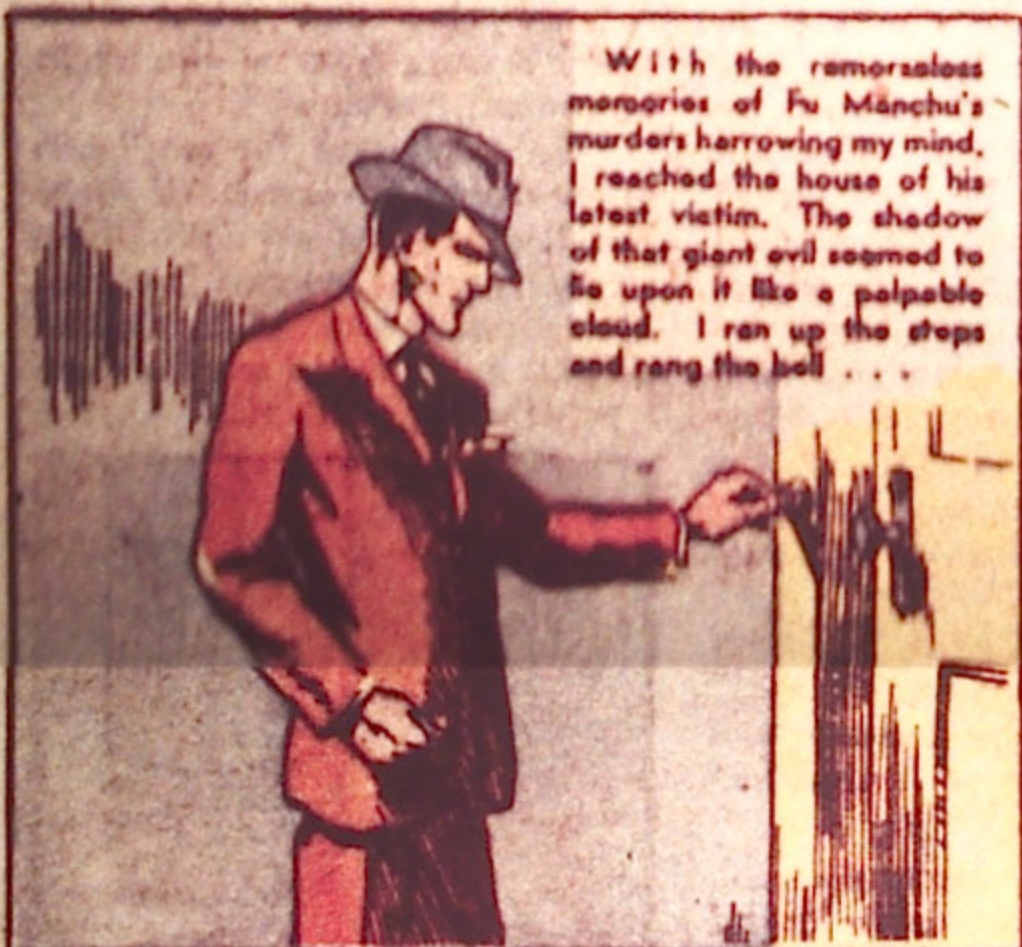
But we had ridden only a few hundred yards along Wapping High Street when Smith called to the driver: "Stop! Stop!" He seized the door-handle as the cab slowed down. "We must have it, Petrie," he cried. "I have left it behind. That pigtail!"





At the cab door Smith handed me Weymouth's card. "Don't wait for me," he directed hurriedly. "Remember Weymouth said the book was in the cupboard. It's all we want. Meet me at Scotland Yard."

Cadby's case-book, with its damning evidence, was it already in Fu Manchu's hands? "Do you think Fu Manchu is going to leave dynamite like that lying around?" Smith had argued. "It's a thousand to one he has the book already, but there is just a bare chance . . ."

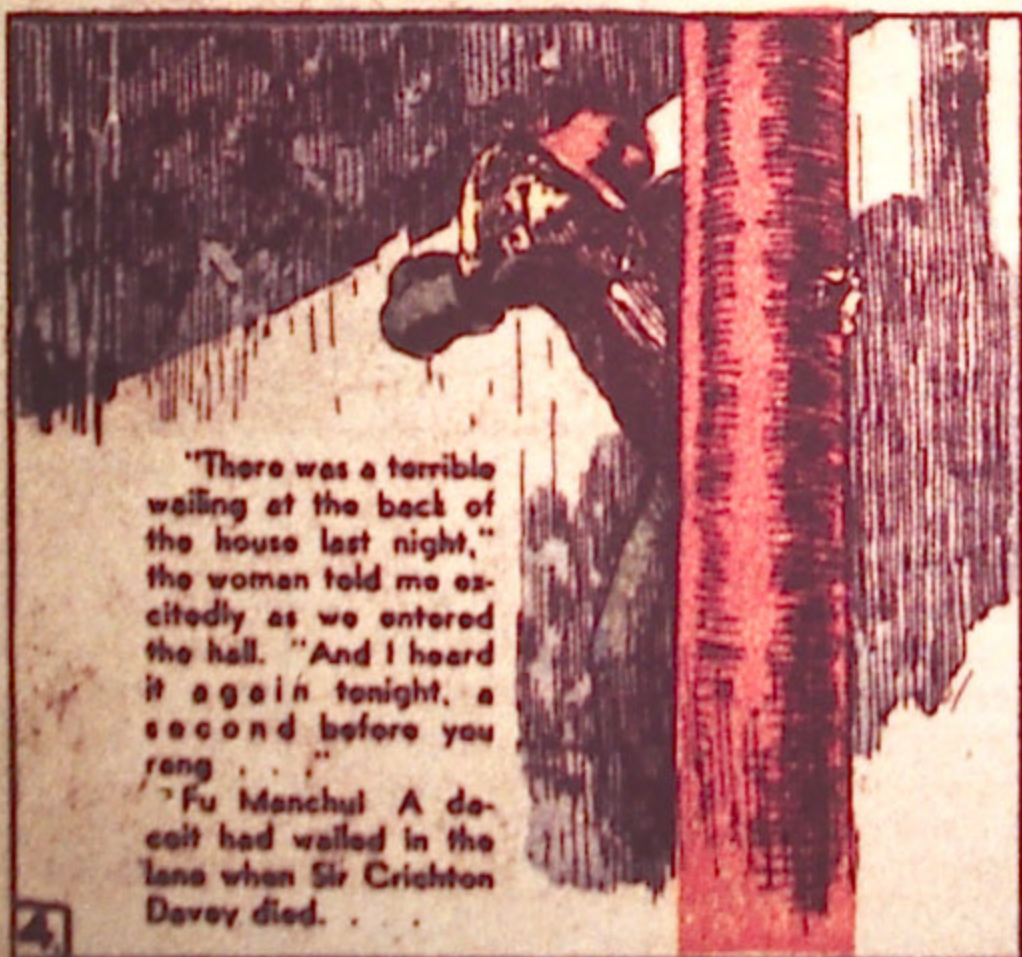


With the remorseless memories of Fu Manchu's murders harrowing my mind, I reached the house of his latest victim. The shadow of that giant evil seemed to lie upon it like a palpable cloud. I ran up the steps and rang the bell . . .



Cadby's landlady greeted me with a queer mixture of fear and embarrassment. "I am Dr. Petrie," I said, "and I have bad news about your lodger, Mr. Cadby."

"Oh the poor, brave lad!" she murmured.



"There was a terrible weeping at the back of the house last night," the woman told me excitedly as we entered the hall. "And I heard it again tonight, a second before you rang . . ."

"Fu Manchul! A de-coit had wailed in the lane when Sir Crichton Davey died."



I told the old lady what I considered necessary about Cadby's death, and presently, to my astonishment, her grief was lost in embarrassment. Then the truth came out!

She pointed shakily up the stairs, and stammered: "There's a young lady—in his rooms, sir!"

Continued

THE CRIME IN STONE

By
Paul Dean



THE phone on Captain Burey's desk in Police Headquarters rang and the heavy-set Captain swung around in his chair and lifted the receiver.

"Hello," he said and then paused, listening carefully. "Murdered? Where did you pick it up?"

Burey was silent again as he digested the conversation coming to him over the wire. Then with a gruff "Okay" he hung up and turned to Detective Fox, who slouched in a chair on the opposite side of the desk, his feet comfortably perched on the wastepaper basket.

"Well, Charlie, it looks as if you're going to be kept busy for the next few weeks," the Captain said, lighting a huge cigar. "They fished out Nick Ferroni's body from the river last night. Things seem to point towards another gang war; this is the second muscled-gent they've located at the bottom of the river. Last week it was 'Happy' Mosco."

The detective got up from the chair and lazily stretched himself. "I suppose I ought to be thankful that these murders keep happen-

ing. They keep me busy and out of trouble and at least I'm sure of getting my weekly pay check. Where is Nick's body now?"

"Down at the 23rd Precinct," the Captain replied. "You better run down and take a peek at it. And at the same time put your thinking cap on and try to solve this little mystery . . . after all, you're supposed to be a detective!"

"That compliment sounds right nice coming from you, Captain," Fox smiled, walking towards the door. "But don't worry that bald head of yours about the mystery angle of this case . . . I'll have the whole thing solved and cleared up within twenty four hours. Just wait and see!"

"If I wait that long I'll be an old man with a long white beard!" the Captain answered sourly and Fox closed the door behind him as he left the office.

He leaped into his small roadster and hurried across the bridge to the 23rd Precinct which was located down near the waterfront. The place was buzzing with excitement and both the patrolmen and the higher officers seemed to think that this killing and the one of the previous week indicated another bloody period of gang murders and racket feuds.

"Where's the body?" asked Fox and one of the officers pointed toward the back room. Fox went in and saw a group of men gathered around a white oblong block of concrete. Part of the stone had been chipped off and at one end Fox could see the two feet and one arm of a man protruding. At the other end was the man's face, with thick black hair and a dark, swarthy complexion.

"How long was it in the river?" Fox asked.

"About 20 hours," someone replied. "Must have been dumped there during the early hours of the evening."

"Any clue that might show where it came from or who might be connected with it?"

"We didn't look for any," one of the officers answered. "It could have been made at any one of these engineering and building factories. They all have concrete mixers and pourers and they all use the same type of mixing material."



"Maybe we could find out just where the block was poured and hardened?" suggested Fox.

"That'd be a waste of time," he was told. "They've been having so much labor and union trouble down here that they'd deny being connected with it at all."

Fox rubbed his chin thoughtfully. Union trouble and racket-

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ers often times went hand in hand. And there was no doubt that Nick Ferroni was a racketeer of the first water, with a record of assault and murder that would make your blood run cold.

While the other officers talked over the various theories and solutions, Fox made a careful study of the concrete block. And down in the corner of the man-made stone he found what he had been searching for: the trade-mark of the company where the block had



been cast. Faintly but still readable he could see the letters SPADO ENGINEERING CO.

"Spado Company?" he murmured to himself. "If I'm not mistaken, that's right down the street. I think I'll stroll down and take a peek at the place."

HE left the police station and walked toward the river. The Spado Company was located almost at the water's edge, in a low rambling building that housed an assortment of concrete mixers, pourers and other engineering machines.

He mounted the steps and entered the small office. It was deserted but a door across the room marked "Private" aroused his curiosity. He walked over and slowly opened the door. It swung back with a creak and a man who had been kneeling at a safe in a corner of the room, leaped to his feet and in his hand he held a nasty-looking

automatic.

"Talk fast, mister!" the man snarled, leveling the weapon at the detective. "What is your business? Can't you read that sign on the door?"

Fox remained imperturbable but his mind worked with the rapidity of light, seeking the right path that would lead to the solution of the racketeer's murder.

"You're Mr. Spado?" he asked quietly.

"And what if I am?" the man shot back.

"Just this," the detective replied, lighting a cigarette and calmly extinguishing the flame in a cloud of smoke, "I represent the Mid-West Engineering Society and I've been sent on here to contribute to the person or company who was responsible for the riddance of Nick Ferroni!"

This was a long shot in the dark and he paused to see what the reaction would be. He knew that Ferroni and his mobsters had been preying on the members of the Mid-West Engineering Society several years ago, just as he had been doing recently with Spado and his fellow engineers.

Spado's eyes narrowed. "What was the contribution?"

"\$5000 for the elimination of Ferroni! That's what the agreement was."

Beads of perspiration stood out on Spado's forehead and the muscle in his jaw moved rhythmically. "Well, you don't have to look any further. I killed Ferroni! I had to; he and his men had been bleeding me for almost a year. Protection money and dues for an organization that he controlled . . . another few weeks and I would have been bankrupt. I took the surest steps to stop him . . . I killed him!"

"That's all I want to know," said Fox, sitting down at the desk. "I'm sure the Mid-West Society will be satisfied with the report I give them. If you'll put that gun away and sign this statement I'll have the money sent you the first thing in the morning."

Spado lowered the automatic and sank into a chair. Fox, at that instant, leaped at the murderer and in a flash, snapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.



"Much as I despised Ferroni and his racketeering methods," said Fox prodding the cursing Spado toward the door, "there was still no justification for murdering him. You should have appealed to the police for protection rather than take the law in your own hands. And when you did decide to do away with Ferroni, you should have made sure to take your trade-mark off the concrete block. By leaving it on, you practically told us that you had committed the crime!"

THE END

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and the

Song of Death



YES, I'VE SURE MESSED THINGS UP SO FAR. HERE I PROMISED FENICK TO CLEAR UP THE MURDER OF HIS TWO SINGERS SO HE CAN OPEN HIS FROLICS AND, ALL I'VE DONE IS SOCK THE KNIFE THROWER AND MAKE A TUGH ENEMY AND PUTTING - ONIZED JOHNNY PURSUS THE PROP BOY. I'M MAKING IT AWFULLY TOUGH FOR MYSELF.



BRUCE NELSON IS STANDING DIRECTLY BENEATH THE HEAVY BACK DROP. THE KNIFE CUTS THROUGH THE LAST STRAND OF ROPE AND THE DROP COMES CRASHING DOWNWARD.

MEANWHILE OFF IN THE REAR OF THE WINGS A SHARP KNIFE CUTS THROUGH THE TROPE'S HOLDING ONE OF THE HEAVY BACK DROPS. . . .



BILLIE BRYSON YAWNED AND STRETCHED. GLANCING UPWARD AS SHE DID SO.



HER BRAIN FUNCTIONED QUICKLY IN THE EMERGENCY. SHE SHOVED NELSON BACK AND JUMPED CLEAR HERSELF.

BY TOM HICKEY.



SHE WAS JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME AS THE HEAVY CURTAIN CRASHED DOWN INCHES AWAY.



REALLY THOUGH BRUCE, YOU'LL HAVE TO KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN. I DON'T THINK THAT WAS AN ACCIDENT. SOME BODY MADE A DELIBERATE ATTEMPT TO GET YOU.



THANKS BILLIE. YOU SURE SAVED ME AN AWFULL DENT IN THE SKULL.

THINK NOTHING OF IT. MAYBE SOME DAY I'LL REGRET IT.



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT BRUCE? SANDERS TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED. THAT WAS REMARKABLY QUICK THINKING ON YOUR PART MISS BRYSON. YOU SAVED NELSON'S LIFE. — I WONDER WHAT MADE THE ROPES GIVE WAY?



I DON'T THINK THE ROPES GAVE WAY TRENICK.

WHAT? — YOU MEAN YOU THINK SOMEONE SAW YOU STANDING UNDER THE BACK DROP AND TRIED TO BRAIN YOU?



MAYBE. LET'S GO BACK AND TAKE A LOOK.



HMM! LOOK AT THIS. THESE ROPES HAVE BEEN CUT.



BRUCE! I'LL BET ZAMBINI, THE KNIFE THROWER DID IT. HE SWORE HE'D GET EVEN WITH YOU FOR THAT PUNCH IN THE JAW.

IT DOES LOOK AS IF THEY'VE BEEN CUT WITH A KNIFE, AND ZAMBINI HAS AN AWFULL TEMPER.



SHALL I GET ZAMPINI?
DO YOU WANT TO QUESTION
HIM?

NO, NOT NOW. I DON'T
THINK IT WAS HE. IT WAS
TOO OBVIOUS.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I BELIEVE THE MURDERER
SAW MY ROW WITH ZAMPINI AND
HEARD HIM THREATEN ME.
HE SAW A CHANCE TO GET ME
OUT OF THE CASE AND THROW
SUSPICION ON ZAMPINI AT
THE SAME TIME BY CUTTING
THOSE SUPPORTING ROPES.



HMM! WHAT'S THAT ON THE FLOOR THERE UNDER THE
ROPE?



IT'S JUST AN ORDINARY STRAIGHT
PIN. YOU'LL HAVE A HARD TIME
PROVING ANYTHING WITH
THAT.

I WONDER —



RENICK, I THINK I'LL TAKE A
LOOK THRU HOLLY LAWSON'S AND
LOLA MAINE'S DRESSING ROOM.

SURE, I'LL SHOW
YOU TO IT. THEY
BOTH OCCUPIED THE
SAME ONE BEFORE
THEY WERE KILLED.



HERE IT IS. WAIT, I'LL UNLOCK THE DOOR. EVER SINCE
HOLLY LAWSON WAS KILLED I'VE KEPT IT LOCKED SO NOTHING
INSIDE WOULD BE DISTURBED.



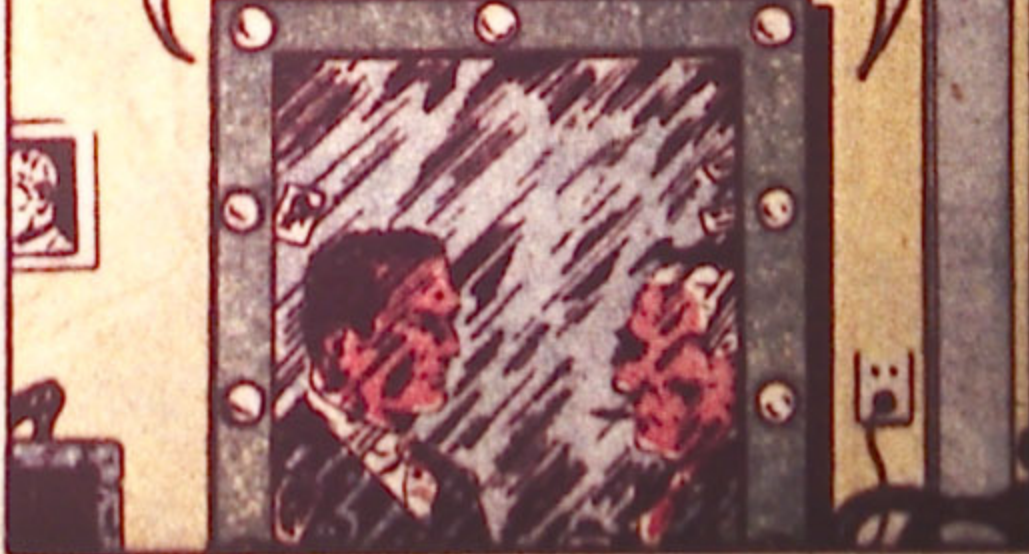
HMM! YOU SAY NOTHING HAS
BEEN TOUCHED? WHERE DOES
THAT DOOR LEAD TO?

THAT LEADS INTO
THE WARDROBE
DEPARTMENT.



WHO'S IN CHARGE OF THE
WARDROBE DEPARTMENT?

MRS. WARREN IS THE
WARDROBE MISTRESS.

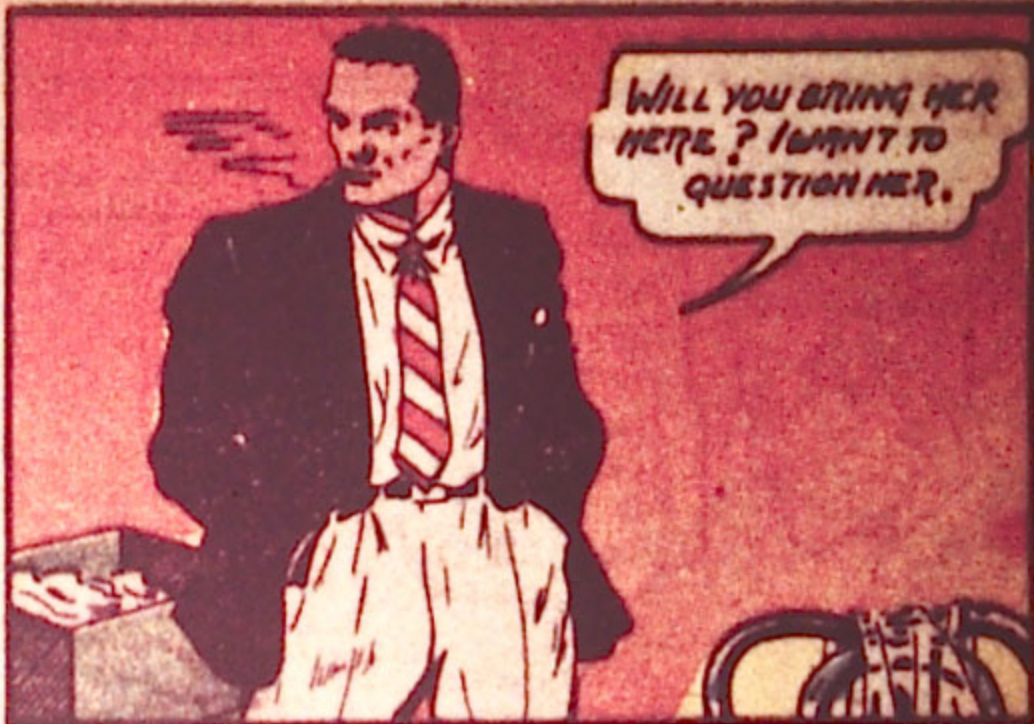




WHO WAS THEIR PERSONAL MAID
RENICK?

OPAL JACKSON.

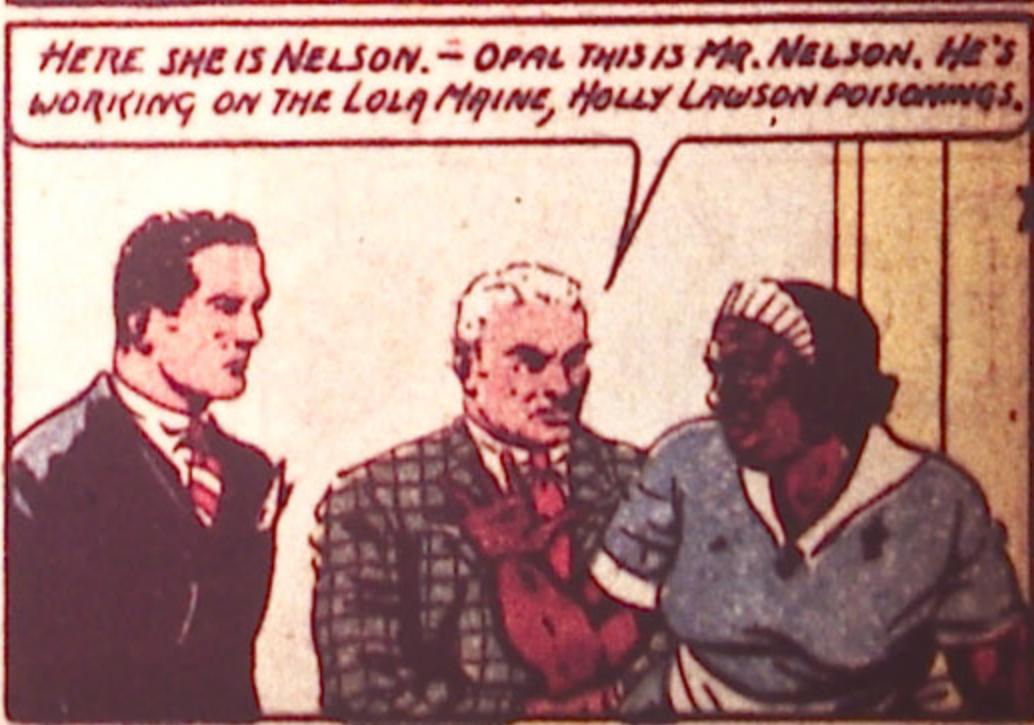
LINCOLN THEATRE



WILL YOU BRING HER
HERE? I WANT TO
QUESTION HER.



DA-DE - PLAT FOOT FLOOGIE - WHAT'S THIS THING?
HAM! - MUST BE A THROAT SPRAY - THROAT SPRAY!



HERE SHE IS NELSON. - OPAL THIS IS MR. NELSON. HE'S
WORKING ON THE LOLA MAINE, HOLLY LAWSON POISONINGS.



AM DID'N DO IT, - MISTAH NELSON!



I'M QUITE SURE YOU DIDN'T OPAL. I JUST WANT TO
ASK A FEW ROUTINE QUESTIONS.

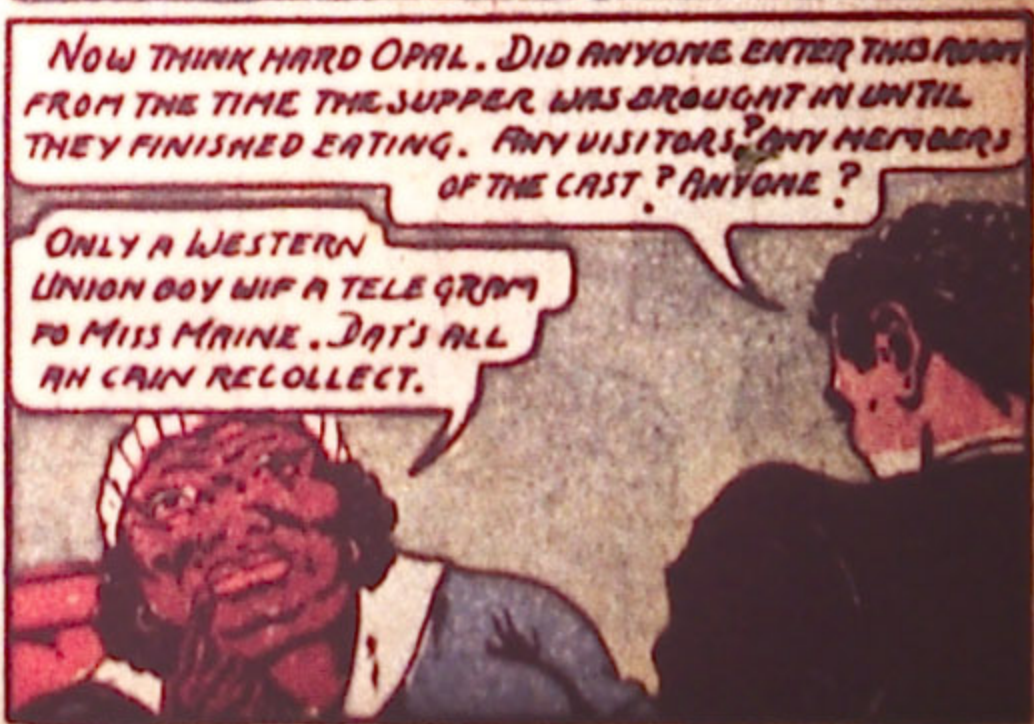
UH HUM.



ON THE NIGHTS THAT MISS MAINE AND THEN MISS
LAWSON WERE POISONED THEY BOTH HAD THEIR SUPPER
BROUGHT IN FROM OUTSIDE BY JOHNNY PURVIS, THE
PROPERTY BOY, RIGHT?

YAS SUH!

4



NOW THINK HARD OPAL. DID ANYONE ENTER THIS ROOM
FROM THE TIME THE SUPPER WAS BROUGHT IN UNTIL
THEY FINISHED EATING. ANY VISITORS? ANY MEMBERS
OF THE CAST? ANYONE?

ONLY A WESTERN
UNION BOY WIF A TELEGRAM
FO MISS MAINE. DAT'S ALL
AM CAN RECOLLECT.

YOU WERE IN THE DRESSING ROOM ALL THAT TIME?

YAS SUM.

THEN THE ONLY ONES THAT HAD ACCESS TO THAT FOOD AFTER IT WAS BROUGHT IN WAS JOHNNY PURVIS AND YOURSELF.

BUT AH DIDN' DO IT, MISTAH NELSON, HONEST! AH SWEARS AH DIDN'!

O. K. OPAL, THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. RENICK, GET MRS. WARREN FOR ME, WILL YOU?

MRS. WARREN STEPPED IN FROM THE WARDROBE DEPARTMENT.

AFTER NELSON HAD QUESTIONED THE WARDROBE MISTRESS AT SOME LENGTH HIS EYES CAME TO REST ON THE SHOULDER OF HER DRESS.

THAT'S QUITE A COLLECTION OF PINS YOU HAVE THERE MRS. WARREN. WHAT DO YOU USE THEM FOR?

FOR PINNING THE COSTUMES ON THE GIRLS, ADJUSTING THE FITTINGS ETC; I ALWAYS CARRY SEVERAL THERE. IT'S EASIER THAN CARRYING A BOX AROUND.

WARDROBE DEPT.

MAY I HAVE ONE? I HAVE A TEAR IN MY SHIRT I'D LIKE TO PIN TOGETHER FOR THE TIME BEING.

HERE'S A BOOK I FOUND IN THE DRESSING TABLE. DO YOU KNOW WHICH ONE OF THE GIRLS IT BELONGED TO?

WHY NO, I NEVER NOTICED.

THANK YOU, THAT'S ALL MRS. WARREN.



NOW, WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF THIS BOOK, SINCE MRS. WARREN SO KINDLY PLACED HER FINGER PRINTS ON IT.

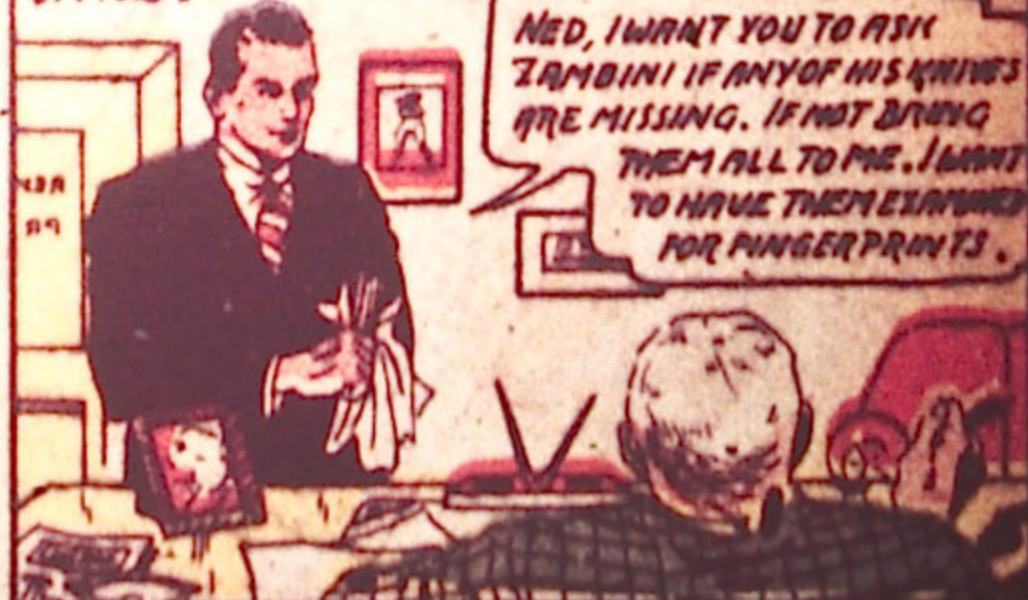


HMM! THIS PIN SHE GAVE ME IS IDENTICAL WITH THE ONE I FOUND ON THE FLOOR UNDER THE CUT ROPE.



HE LEFT THE DRESSING ROOM AND WENT INTO RENICK'S OFFICE.

NED, I WANT YOU TO ASK ZAMBINI IF ANY OF HIS KNIVES ARE MISSING. IF NOT BRING THEM ALL TO ME. I WANT TO HAVE THEM EXAMINED FOR FINGERPRINTS.



LATER :

NONE OF THEM WERE MISSING, EH? THEN I'LL PUT THEM IN THIS BAG AND TAKE THEM DOWN TO THE FINGERPRINT EXPERT AT HEADQUARTERS.



PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY BONNET BILLIE AND I'LL TAKE YOU TO DINNER. YOU'VE BEEN SUCH A GOOD GIRL. BUT FIRST I WANT TO DROP THIS BAG AT HEADQUARTERS.

OOOH! LUCKY LIL' ME.



WELL, TO-MORROW NIGHT THE "FROLICS" REOPEN. I SURE ADMIRE YOUR NERVE. NOT ONE GIRL IN A THOUSAND WOULD SING THAT "SONG OF DEATH" NUMBER.

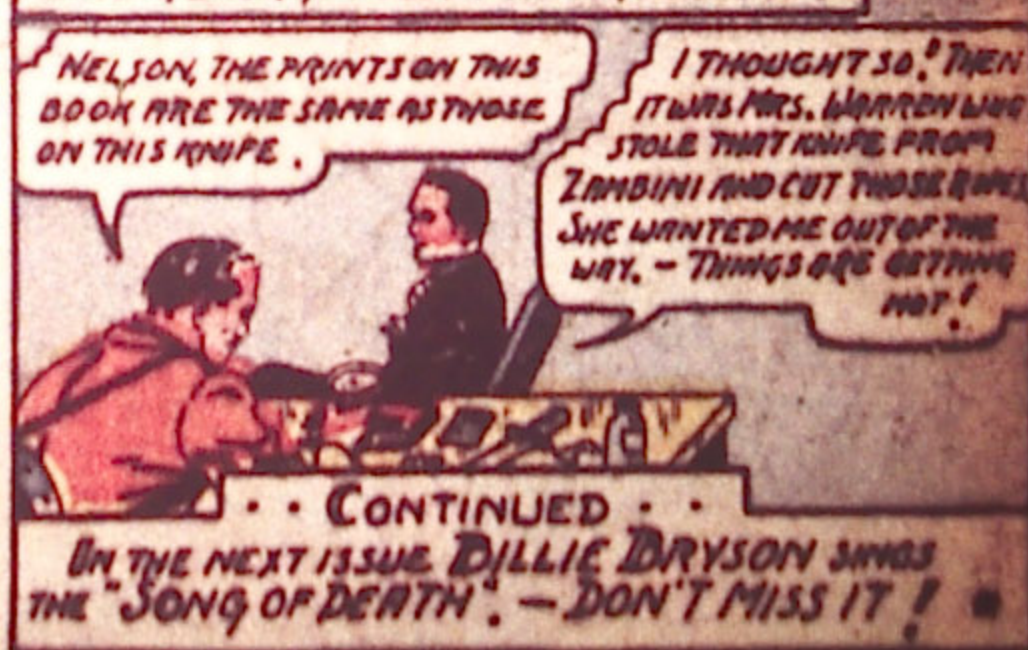
ALL I CAN SAY IS, IF I'M MURDERED I'LL NEVER, NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN.



LATER, BACK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

NELSON, THE PRINTS ON THIS BOOK ARE THE SAME AS THOSE ON THIS KNIFE.

I THOUGHT SO. THEN IT WAS MRS. WARREN WHO STOLE THAT KNIFE FROM ZAMBINI AND CUT THOSE ROPE. SHE WANTED ME OUT OF THE WAY. - THINGS ARE GETTING HOT!



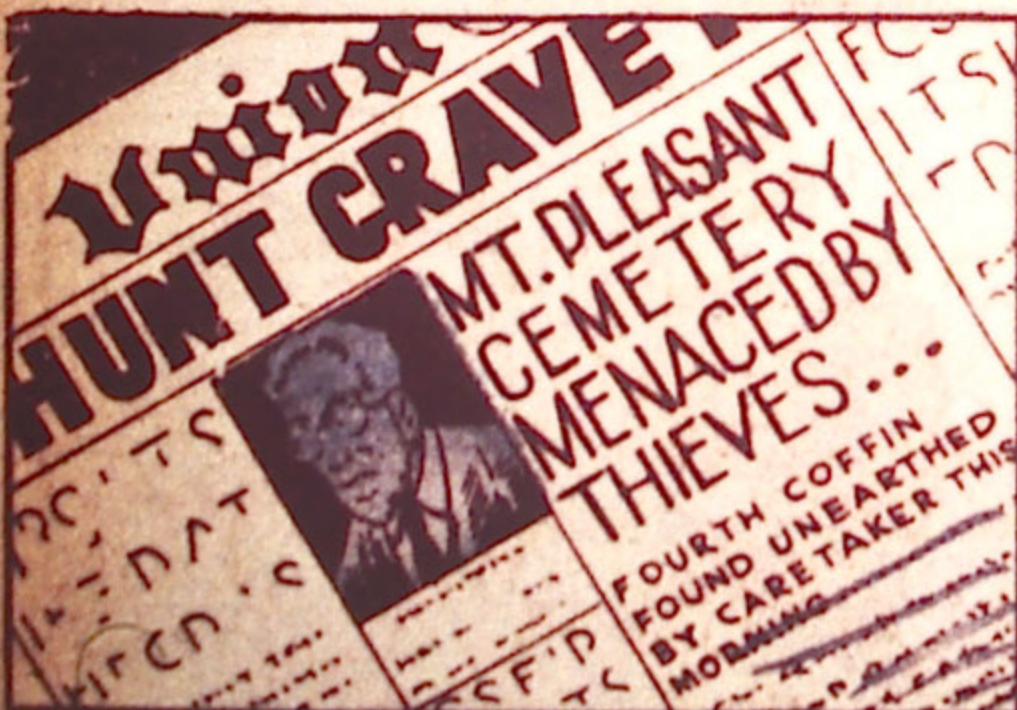
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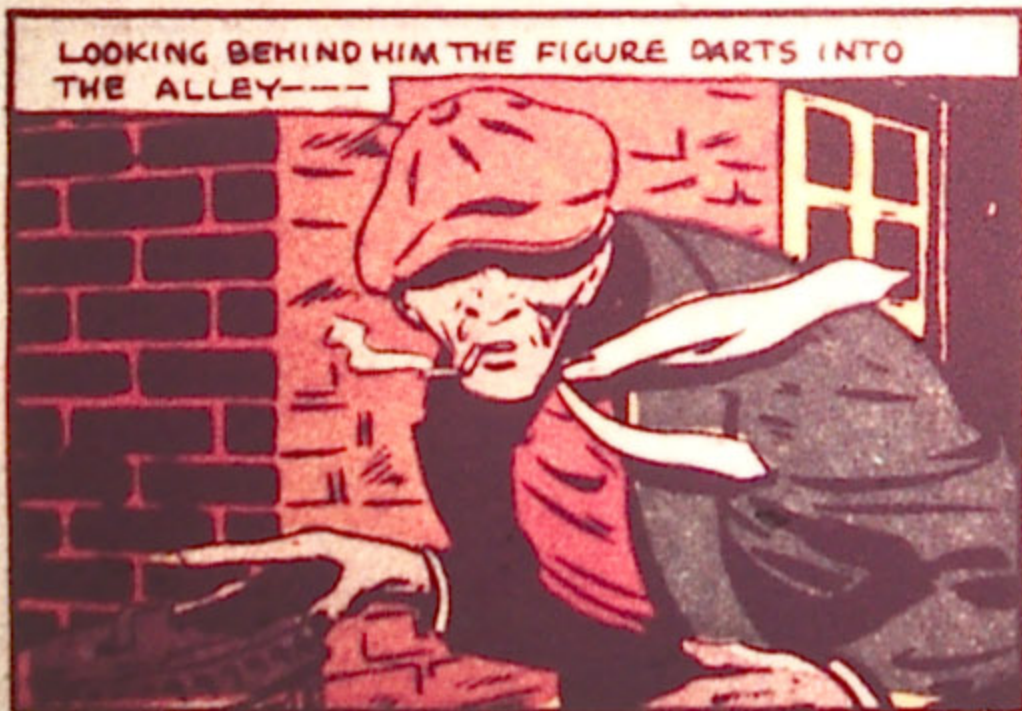
IN THE NEXT ISSUE BILLIE DRYSON SINGS THE "SONG OF DEATH". - DON'T MISS IT!

THE CRIMSON AVENGER

FEARED BY THE UNDER-
WORLD AND HUNTED BY THE
POLICE, THE CRIMSON CARRIES
ON THE WORK OF BEFRIENDING
THE HELPLESS—KNOWN AS THE
CRIMSON TO ONLY HIS CHINESE
SERVANT, WING, LEE TRAVIS
IS THE WEALTHY YOUNG
PUBLISHER OF THE GLOBE
LEADER

By Jim Chambers







WELL, THAT'S THAT!
CHARLIE, YOU GO
BACK TO THE OFFICE
AND HOLD THE FRONT
PAGE OPEN. ANN YOU
GO ALONG HOME. I'M
COVERING THIS ONE
MYSELF!

TONY'S

LEE APPROACHES A LONG SLEEK LOOKING CAR—

EVERYTHING IN READINESS,
MR. TRAVIS. WING ALSO
CATCH BRASH YOUNG MAN
WHO RUN AWAY.

GOOD WORK, WING!
WE'LL HAVE TO
WORK FAST.

YES, MILLER, I OVERHEARD
WHAT YOU SAID IN THE
RESTAURANT. YOU AND I
ARE PAYING A VISIT TO
THE GRAVE ROBBERS!

THE CRIMSON!

AS THE CAR SPEEDS THRU THE STREETS,
A POLICE CAR GIVES CHASE—

STEP ON IT! THEY'RE
GAINING!

AT 70 MILES AN HOUR, MILLER LEAPS
FROM THE CAR—

POOR DEVIL I'LL GET
OUT HERE. WING YOU
TAKE THE CAR BACK
HOME.



MEANWHILE IN THE GRAVE YARD—

WISH WE KNEW WHAT
SLUGS LAST NAME
WAS.

I GUESS THE
\$50,000 IS WORTH
THE TROUBLE.



HERE'S ONE THAT SAYS
KENNEDY—THAT'S A
GOOD ONE FOR TONIGHT!

YEAH! OK!



THE CRIMSON LISTENS TO THE CONVERSATION
AS THE MEN DIG—



ALRIGHT YOU MEN
THROW YOUR GUNS
UP HERE AND CLIMB
OUT OF THERE.

THE CRIMSON!



NOW TAKE THIS!

OH, THAT GAS!
I CAN'T—



YOU'LL MAKE FINE
LOOKING PACKAGES
FOR THE POLICE!



TWO SQUAD CARS PULL UP OUTSIDE THE CEMETERY—

HE WENT IN HERE!
SPREAD OUT MEN!



HERE THEY ARE MEN
AND IT'S THE CRIMSON
TOO, BY GEORGE!



THE CRIMSON LETS LOOSE WITH HIS GAS GUN—

SORRY MEN, BUT I
CAN'T BE CAUGHT!



ONE OF THE WAITING CARS GIVES CHASE—



FLEET OF FOOT, THE CRIMSON SOON OUT
DISTANCES THEM AND LEAPS A WALL TO
SAFETY—



LOOK, JOHNNY, THOSE THREE
MEN ARE THE KILLERS WHO
ESCAPED AFTER THAT BANK JOB!
I WONDER IF THE CRIMSON—

YEAH, I WONDER
TOO. ANYHOW THIS
CLEARS UP THE
GRAVE ROBBINGS



DO THE
POLICE
SUSPECT THE
CRIMSON OF
BEING A
GANG LEADER?
CAN HE BE
CAUGHT?
WHAT WILL
HAPPEN
WHEN HE
TRIES TO
BREAK THE
CRAFT RING?
SEE THE
NEXT ISSUE.

STEVE MALONE

DISTRICT
ATTORNEY

NOW THAT YOU'VE SMASHED THE FERRINI GANG, STEVE, YOU OWE YOURSELF A VACATION

I'VE BEEN THINKING THE SAME THING MYSELF, JEANNE. I THINK I'LL HIE TO THE COUNTRY FOR AWHILE.



PHONE, STEVE... NOW DON'T FORGET ABOUT THE VACATION



YES, THIS IS STEVE MALONE. WHAT, I CAN FIND JIM'S BODY FLOATING IN THE RIVER - WHO IS THIS - HELLO....



WHAT IS IT, STEVE? YOUR SHAKING!

SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO JIM I FEAR HE'S DEAD



NOT 'BIG JIM' THE RUSSIAN, WHO HELPED YOU SMASH THE FERRINI GANG?

THE SAME... BUT IF THERE'S ANY POSSIBLE WAY OF JIM'S BEING SAVED... I'M GOING TO DO IT LETS GO!



KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, JEANNE. WE MUST FIND JIM.



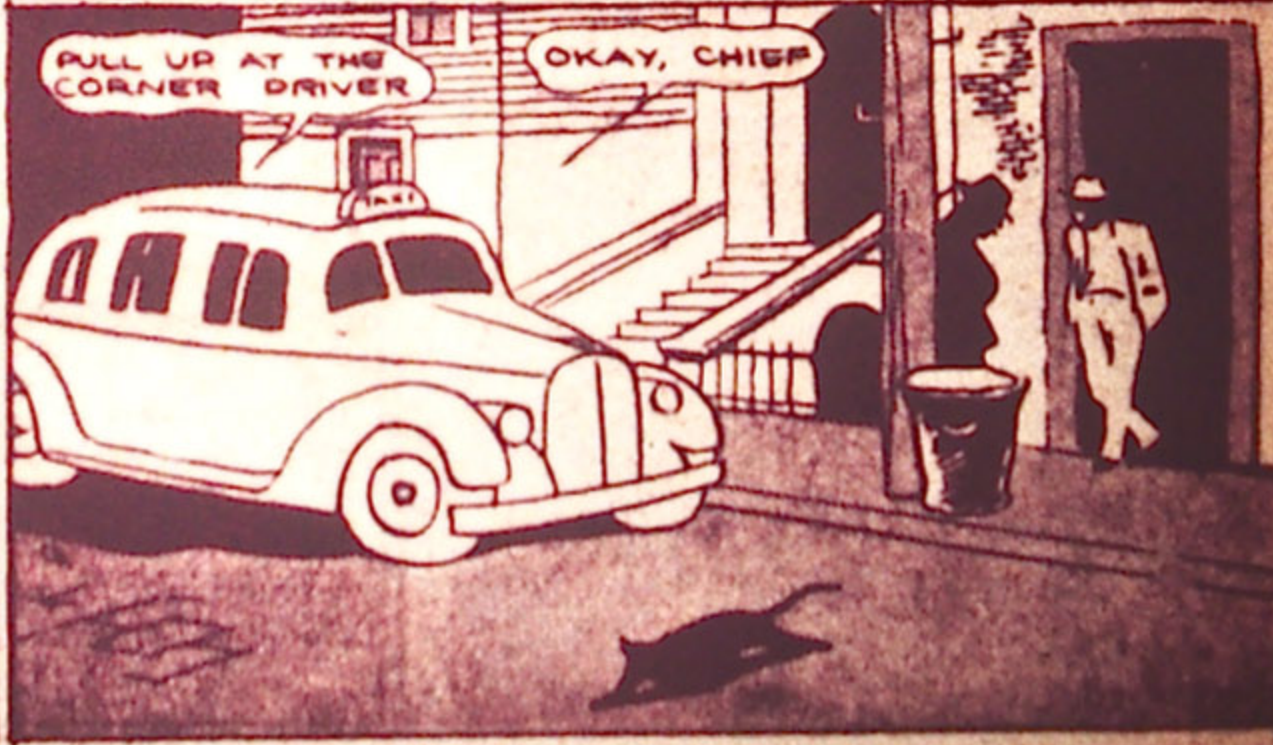
THIS DESERTED STRETCH IS THE MOST LOGICAL SPOT FOR THOSE RATS TO DO THEIR DIRTY WORK

STEVE, LOOK OVER THERE!



SHOT AND FLUNG INTO THE RIVER FOR DEAD, BIG JIM SOME-CONSCIOUSLY REACHES A LOG.





SAY, BUDDY, WOULD A COUPLA DOLLARS
GET ME A LIL' OPIUM? WADDA YA SAY,
EH PAL?

MESSE. YOU COME IN
ME FIXUM UP

TANKS PAL!

HERE'S PIPE...
FIVE DOLLARS

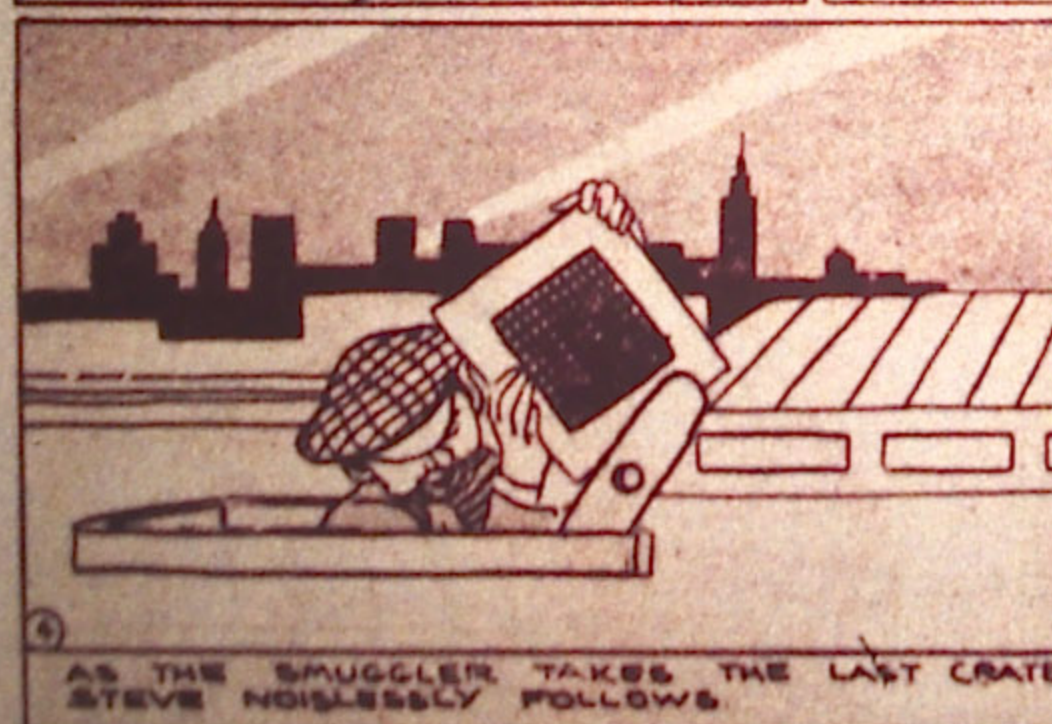
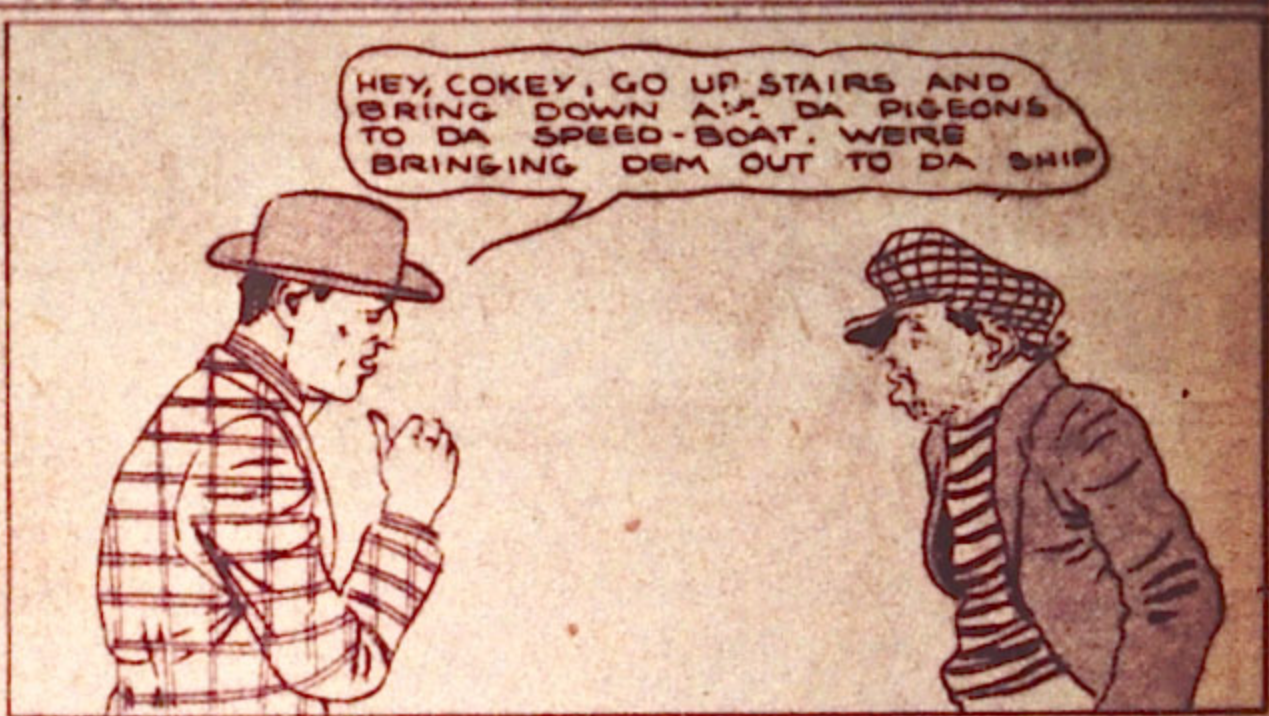
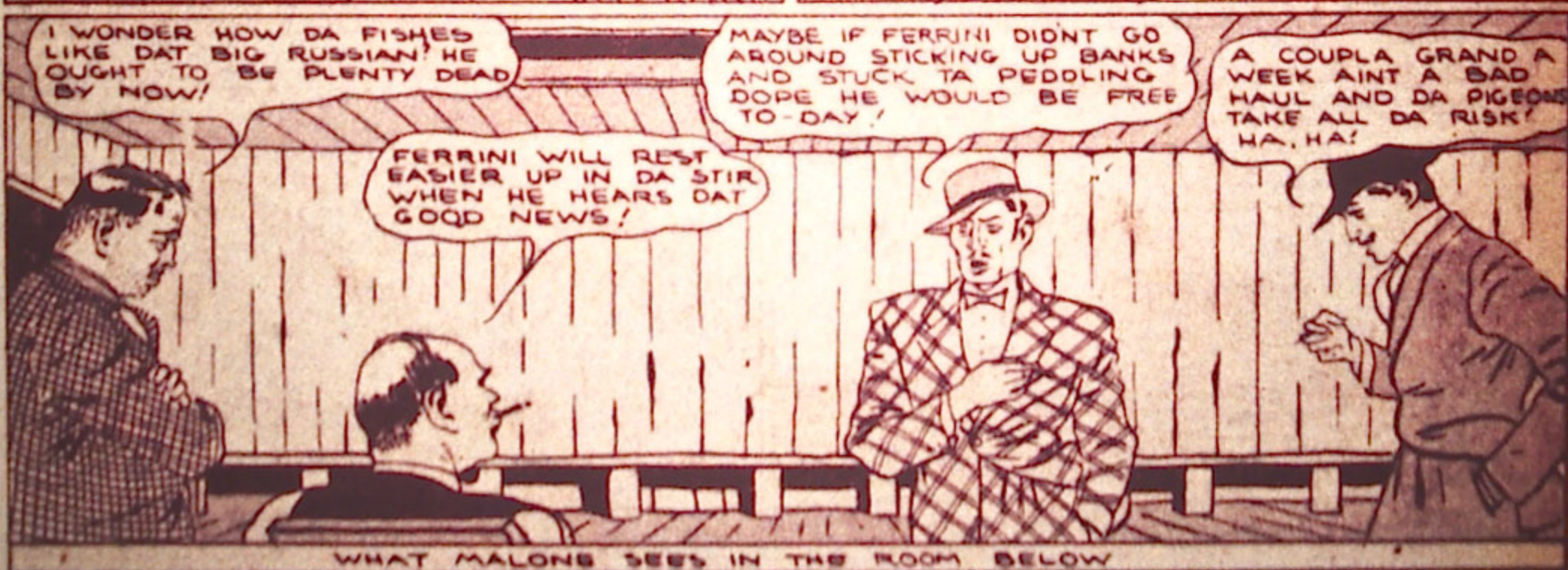
THE CHINK, HAVING LEFT THE DEN,
STEVE DETERMINES TO EXPLORE
THE HOUSE.

SO FAR, NOBODY AROUND HERE
LOOKS LIKE JIM'S ABDUCTORS...
WONDER WHERE THESE STAIRS
LEAD TO?

WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS
LIKE SOMEONE LIKES
HOMING PIGEONS!

SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY'S
COMING! I BETTER MAKE
MYSELF SCARCE!

WHAT'S DA MATTER WID DAT
PIGEON. IT SHOULD BE HERE
BY NOW...

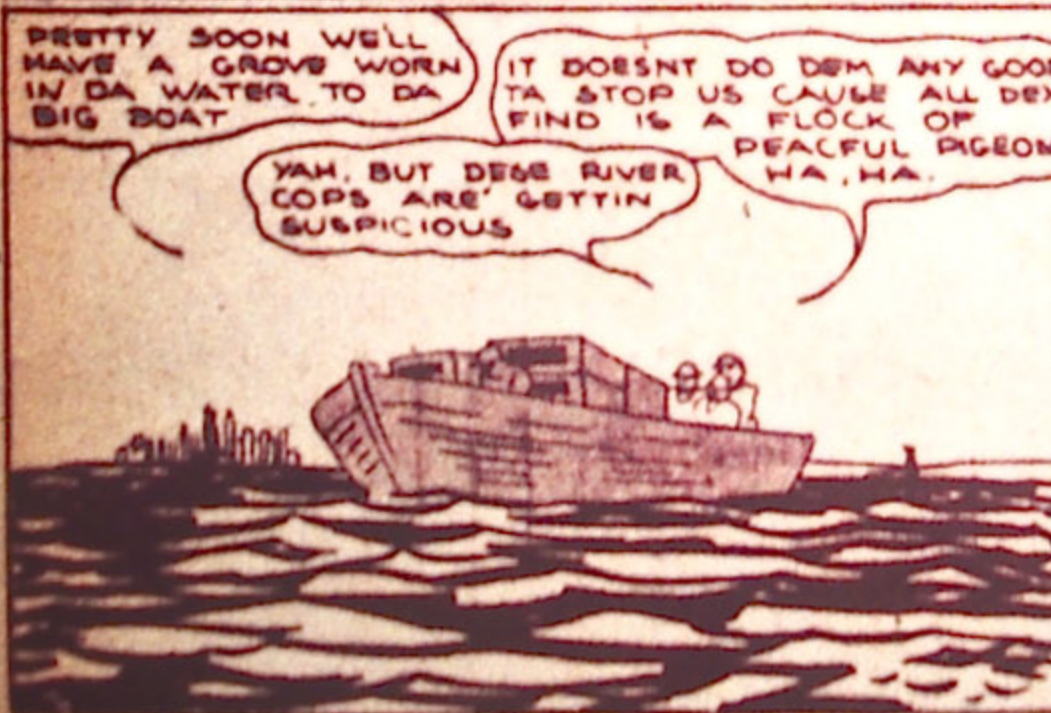




STEVE BIDES HIS TIME THEN RAISES THE TRAP-DOOR AND CONCEALS HIMSELF IN THE BOAT



AFTER A SHORT WAIT STEVE IS REWARDED BY THE APPROACH OF THE SMUGGLERS



PRETTY SOON WE'LL HAVE A GROVE WORN IN DA WATER TO DA BIG BOAT

IT DOESN'T DO DEM ANY GOOD TA STOP US CAUSE ALL DEY FIND IS A FLOCK OF PEACEFUL PIGEONS HA, HA.

YAH, BUT DESE RIVER COPS ARE GETTIN SUSPICIOUS



HEAVE TO, WE'RE COMING ABOARD

WELL, LET THEM LOOK. YA CAN'T GET PINCHED FOR TAKING YOUR PIGEONS FOR A RIDE

IT'S DOSE BLASTED COPS AGAIN



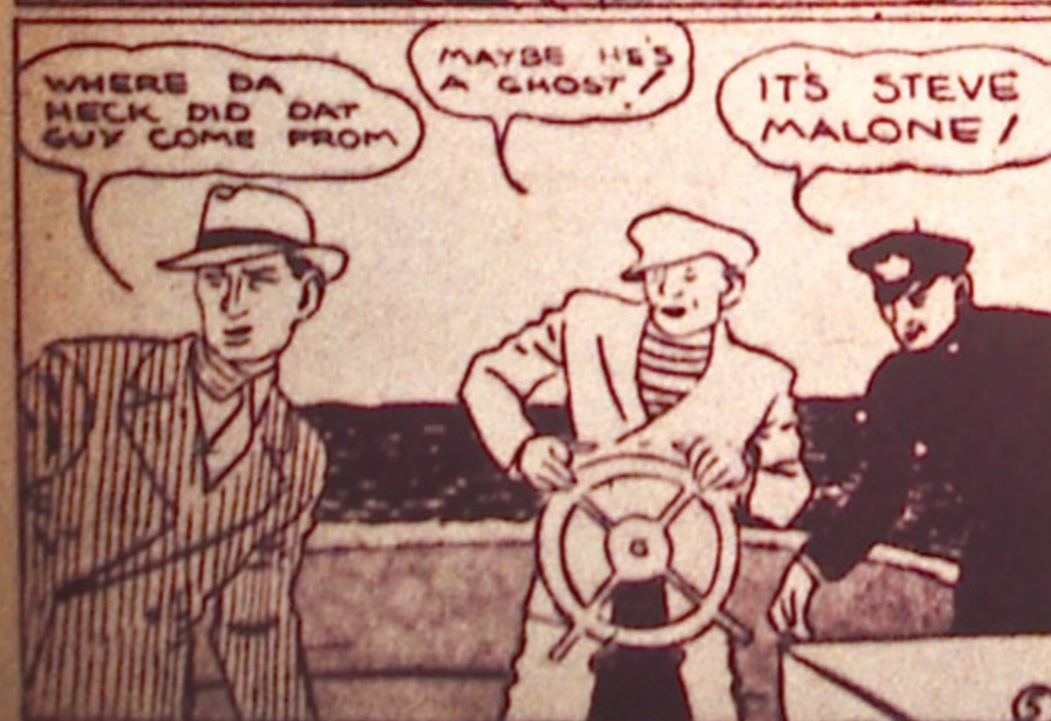
WE'LL TAKE A LOOK JUST TO KEEP YOU BOYS HONEST

GO AHEAD AND LOOK, COPPER. MAYBE YOU'LL FIND SOMETHING, MAYBE



YOU BOYS WIN AGAIN. BUT REMEMBER YOU CAN'T POOL US FOR LONG

HOLD ON OFFICER!



WHERE DA HECK DID DAT GUY COME FROM

MAYBE HE'S A GHOST!

IT'S STEVE MALONE!



THAT'S RIGHT, OFFICER. AND I ARREST THESE MEN ON THE CHARGES OF ATTEMPT TO KILL AND SMUGGLING OPIUM.

ALRIGHT, MALONE. YOU HAD YOUR FUN. NOW WE HAVE OURS. SLUG 'EM MEN AND TIE 'EM UP... DEN DROP 'EM OVERBOARD



FLUNG INTO THE WATER, STEVE MANAGES TO FREE ONE ARM AND GRIP THE EXHAUST PIPE

DA MOTORS GONE SCREWEY

WELL, DON'T MOPE. DO SOMETHING



THE SMUGGLERS ARE UNAWARE THAT STEVE HAS PLUGGED HIS HANDKERCHIEF INTO THE EXHAUST PIPE, STOPPING THE MOTOR.



SILENTLY MALONE CLIMBS UP OVER THE BACK OF THE BOAT



FREED OF HIS BONDS STEVE TAKES THE SMUGGLERS BY SURPRISE

THROW THE ARTILLERY OVER THE SIDE, BOYS. ONE OF YOU TAKE THAT HANDKERCHIEF OUT OF THE EXHAUST. WE'RE GOING FOR A LITTLE RETURN TRIP



IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'LL HAVE TO BUILD ANOTHER JUG, IF MALONE KEEPS SENDIN' YOU MUGS UP AT THIS RATE



JEANNE WAS TALKING ME DAT I INTERRUPTED YOUR VACATION STEVE



YOU CAN TAKE A VACATION ANY TIME, JIM. BUT YOU DON'T ALWAYS HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO SAVE A FRIEND'S LIFE



THE END

61
JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER.

SLAM BRADLEY

YIPPEE!—
SOME TOSSIN!

WITHIN HIS PENTHOUSE SUITE THOUSANDS
OF FEET ABOVE THE CITY'S THRONGING,
CLAMOROUS TRAFFIC, SLAM BRADLEY,
ADVENTUROUS DETECTIVE, IS ENGAGED
IN A MOST PECULIAR DIVERSION!

SCA-REECH!

WHAT TH'—!

GOOD HEAVENS, SIR!
WERE YOU ATTEMPT-
ING TO MURDER ME?

SORRY IF I CLIPPED YOUR
MUSTACHE, PAL!—BUT Y'SEE,
I HAD NO IDEA YOU'D
SHOW UP AT THIS INSTANT!

WE'RE NOT
MIND READERS
Y'KNOW!

BUT YOU TELEPHONED THE
DESK FOR THE HOTEL
MANAGER--WHAT'S THE
IDEA OF TOSSING KNIVES
ABOUT AS THO' YOU WERE
A JUGGLER?

YOU SEE THAT MAP
ON THE DOOR!--
WELL, WHEREVER
THE BLADE LANDED--

--- THAT'S
WHERE WE'RE
HEADIN' FOR!

YOU'RE LEAVING!—BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE WELL
SATISFIED WITH OUR ROYALTY PENTHOUSE SUITE!

TH' SUITE'S O.K. - BUT WE'VE RUN THRU
OUR LAST \$10,000 IN THE LAST WEEK.
NOW WE'VE GOT TO STEP OUT AN' GET
US A NEW PILE

BESIDES, WE'RE
ACHIN' FER
ACTION!



WELL, SO LONG! WE'LL BE SEEIN'
YA --- WHEN AND IF WE DIG
UP ABOUT \$8,000.

BUT - BUT WHERE
ARE YOU GOING?



ACCORDIN' TO WHERE TH' KNIFE
LANDED, OUR NEXT STOP IS ---
EGYPT -- YCAN EXPECT A POSTCARD
FROM US ---

-- IF WE CAN
AFFORD IT!



TWO TICKETS TO
EGYPT, PLEASE!

ADVENTURE! - ROMANCE! -
HERE WE COME!



GOSH! I CERTAINLY HATE TO LEAVE
THE U.S.A. -- IT'S TH' BEST COUNTRY
IN ALL THE WORLD!

CHEER UP, PAL!
WE'LL BE BACK!



THE STEAMER WENDS ITS WAY FAR OUT TO SEA, BRINGING
SLAM AND SHORTY CLOSER AND CLOSER TO A
THRILLING ADVENTURE.



A WEEK LATER --

ONLY A FEW MORE DAYS AND
WE'LL BE IN THE MYSTERIOUS
ORIENT!

OH-H... MY HEAD! I'M SO
SEASICK, BY THAT TIME I'LL
PROBABLY BE A CORPSE



AN ETERNITY AFTERWARDS ---

LOOK! -
LAND!

HOORAY! - BOY, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE
HONEST-TO-GOODNESS SOIL THAT I
WON'T TAKE A BATH FOR A WEEK!



LATER

CAIRO, EGYPT!--IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE WE LAST STOPPED OFF HERE! YEAH!-AN' THE PLACE STILL SMELLS JUST AS BAD!



THE ARAB MESSENGER RUNS AT FULL TILT THRU THE STREETS--EVIDENTLY THE INFORMATION HE BEARS IS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE!



PS--ST, SLAM! I THINK WE'RE BEIN' FOLLOWED!

YEAH?--BOY WE JUST NATURALLY ATTRACT TROUBLE, I GUESS!



GEE, BUT THIS BRINGS BACK SENTIMENTAL MEMORIES!

HO! HO! HOY'D Y' LIKE THAT!



SLAM BRADLEY!--QUICKLY, THE MASTER MUST BE INFORMED AT ONCE THAT HIS OLD ENEMY HAS RETURNED!

I GO!



TEN MINUTES LATER--

IT WAS SLAM BRADLEY--THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT!

KILL HIM! DESTROY HIM! HE MUST NOT LIVE TO REACH THE ENGLISH EMBASSY!



AS THEY PASS THRU THE NARROW, DARK ALLEY THEY ARE ABRUPTLY ATTACKED BY THE TWO TRAILING 'THUGS--

AH--A WELCOMING COMMITTEE! I'D HAVE APPRECIATED A BRASS BAND, BUT THIS IS BETTER THAN NOTHING AT ALL!

OH-OH!-THEY'RE CARRYING KNIVES!



LOOK OUT, SLAM!



ABRUPTLY ANOTHER ARAB APPEARS ON THE SCENE, AND EFFECTIVELY ATTENDS TO SLAM'S COWARDLY ATTACKER, WITH A STRANGLING-CORD.



(22)

THANKS FOR THE WELL-TIMED ASSISTANCE?—BUT HOW COME YOU DID IT?

NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS—POLICE COME—FOLLOW PLEASE!

WE'D BETTER DO WHAT HE SAYS, SLAM!



(23)

A FEW MINUTES LATER WHEN THE POLICE ENTER THE ALLEY, SLAM AND SHORTY ARE NOWHERE IN SIGHT!



(24)

THE CAPTIVE ARAB SWIFTLY SWALLOWS A SMALL PELLET—A MOMENT LATER HE SHRIEKS AND FOAMS AT THE MOUTH IN AGONY...

HE'S COMMITTING SUICIDE!

I GUESS WE'LL GET NOTHING OUT OF HIM!



(25)

IN A NEARBY DOORWAY

GOOD LORD! WHY DID HE DO THAT?

HE KNEW THAT DEATH WAS PREFERABLE TO WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO HIM IF HIS MASTER LEARNED HE HAD FAILED IN HIS MISSION!



(26)

WHERE DO YOU THINK HE'S LEADING US?—INTO A TRAP?

I'VE ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA!



(27)

ENTER! WE'LL I'LL... THE ENGLISH EMBASSY!



(28)

UPON ENTERING THEY ARE LED DIRECTLY INTO THE CONSUL'S PRESENCE...

HOW ARE YOU, SLAM?

WELL, STRIKE ME DOWN... IF IT AIN'T LORD ATHERTON!



(29)

LORD ATHERTON! - I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT WAS YOU WHO SUPPLIED THE GUARDIAN ANGEL!

AS SOON AS I HEARD YOU'D LANDED I SENT KATHOS TO GUARD YOU - IT'S LUCKY I DID, EH, OLD MAN?



WHOA! WHAT GOES ON HERE? - WHO IS THIS GUY, SLAM?

WHO IS HE? JUST THE SQUAREST SHOOT-IN' GUY I EVER PULLED A FIVE GRAND JOB FOR! THE LORD AND I ARE OLD FRIENDS, SHORTY! I'VE PULLED OFF MANY A DELICATE JOB FOR HIM INCOGNITO!



IN THAT CASE I'M PLEASSED TO MEETCHA! ANY FRIEND OF SLAM'S IS AUTOMATICALLY MY PAL!

THE PLEASURE'S MUTUAL!



SOMETHING BIG'S GOIN'! - I CAN SENSE THAT ALL RIGHT! BUT I SEEM TO BE GETTIN' DENSE, SO TELL ME, - SLOWLY, OF COURSE, - JUST WHAT IS IN THE WIND?

IT'S YOUR OLD FOE: SETH



THAT SLIMY RAT! I THOUGHT I ATTENDED TO HIM PERMANENTLY ON MY LAST TRIP HERE!



SINCE YOU KICKED HIM OUT OF THE DRUG RACKET HE'S TURNED TO A WORSE TRADE: SLAVE-TRAFFICKING!



WE'VE TRIED TO STAMP OUT HIS FOUL ACTIVITIES, BUT HE'S AS ELUSIVE AS AN EEL - WHY WE KNOW HE'S RIGHT HERE IN CAIRO, BUT CAN'T LOCATE HIM - WILL YOU GIVE THE OLD SATAN THE WORKS - FOR A CONSIDERATION, OF COURSE?

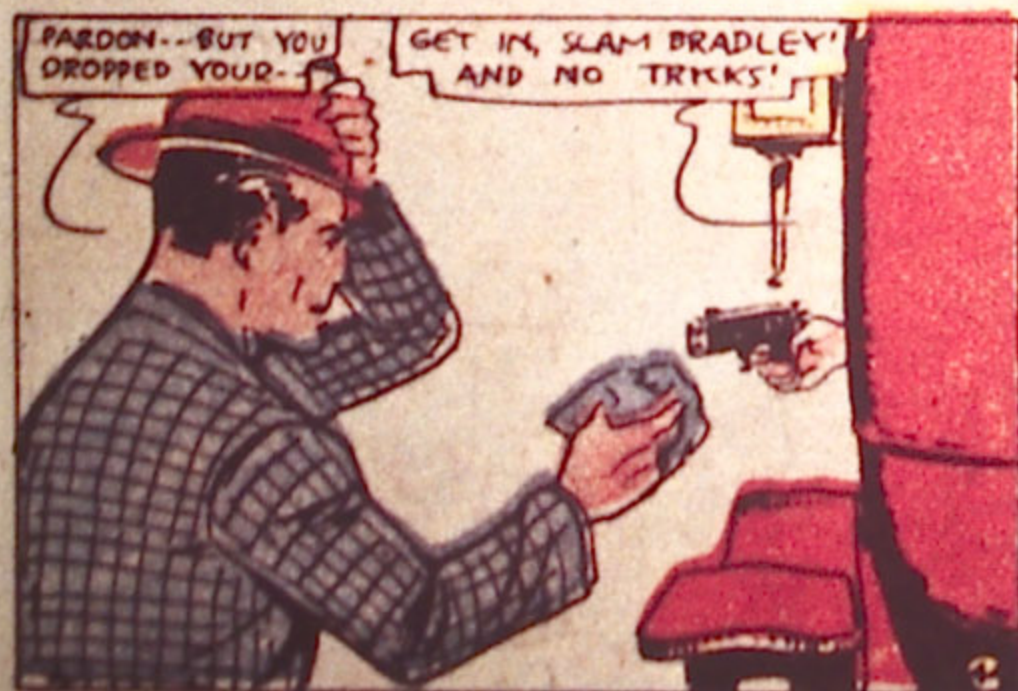


IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, ATHERTON! WHY, I'D EVEN PAY YOU FOR A CHANCE TO TAKE A SOAK AT THAT POLECAT - THAT IS IF I WASN'T SO FINANCIALLY EMBARRASSED!

SPLENDID! - BUT BE CAREFUL! - ALL OTHERS ASSIGNED TO THIS CASE HAVE MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED!

YEAH, BUT THEY WERE NT SLAM BRADLEY!





ENTERING THE CARRIAGE AS COMMANDED, SLAM LEARNS THAT HIS CAPTOR IS A WOMAN.

UM-M! FOR A KIDNAPPER YOU'VE GOT THE NICEST EYES I EVER SAW!

DON'T BE A FOOL!



SUDDENLY SLAM'S HAND DARTS FORWARD AND SNATCHES OFF HIS GUIDE'S VEIL.

WHEW! A HONEY! - IF I'M BEING TAKEN TO MY DEATH, AT LEAST IT'S IN PLEASANT COMPANY!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT!



THE CARRIAGE ENTERS A MAGNIFICENT, GUARDED ESTATE



OUTSIDE THE ESTATE SHORTY WHO HAS FOLLOWED IN PURSUIT, COMES TO A DECISION---

SLAM MAY NEED MY HELP! - I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW HIM INTO THAT PLACE!



I WONDER IF THE REST OF HER FACE MEASURES UP TO HER EYES?



MAYBE I SHOULDN'T BE DOING THIS, TOO-- BUT IT'S A LOT OF FUN!

-- IT-- IS--!



SLAM IS JERKED OUT OF THE CARRIAGE BY TWO ARMED GUARDS---

COME!

SEE YOU LATER, BABE!



SLAM IS LED INTO THE PRESENCE OF SETH---

WELL, WELL, IF IT AIN'T "SOURPUSS NUMBER ONE" HIMSELF!

HOLD YOUR IMPERTINENT TONGUE, OR I'LL HAVE IT TORN OUT BY THE ROOTS! -- SO, SLAM GRADLEY WE MEET AGAIN-- BUT THIS TIME UNDER DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES!



ANOTHER MINUTE AND I'LL
BE SAFELY OVER AND IN!



BRADLEY'S ACCOMPLICE!...
SETH WILL BE PLEASED
TO SEE YOU!

DID I
SAY SAFE?



BEHOLD, MASTER! I FOUND
THIS INSECT ATTEMPTING
TO PENETRATE YOUR
DOMAIN!

HI
THERE!

THROW HIM INTO
A CELL. I'LL
DEAL WITH
HIM LATER.

ARE YOU
A BIG
HELP!



AFTER SHORTY HAS BEEN REMOVED FROM THE ROOM...

AND NOW TO COME DOWN TO
BRASS TACKS...WHAT IS YOUR PRICE?

MY PRICE?



CERTAINLY YOUR PRICE! LIKE MYSELF, YOU
ARE A MONEY-GRABBING ADVENTURER-
ALIGN YOURSELF WITH ME, AND YOU
CAN NAME YOUR OWN PRICE.



YOU'RE RIGHT, SETH... EVERY MAN
HAS HIS PRICE... BUT I WONDER
IF YOU'LL CONSIDER MINE.

I KNEW YOU'D LISTEN TO
REASON! NAME ANY
PRICE! GO AHEAD, NAME
ONE!



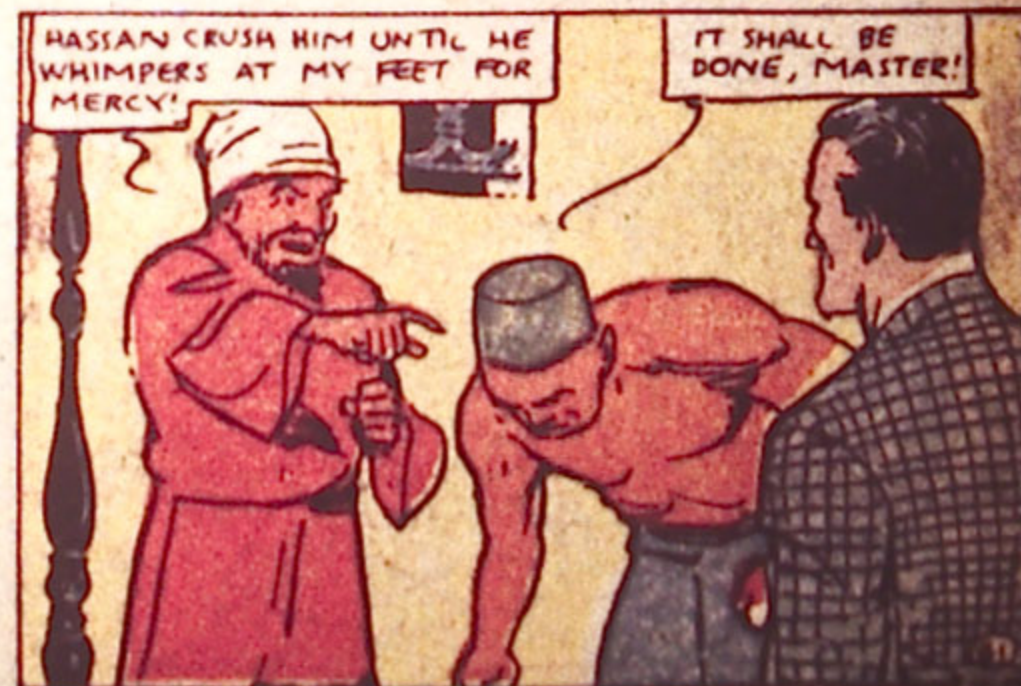
MY PRICE IS A SWIFT KICK IN
THE SEAT OF YOUR PANTS!

DOG! YOU SHALL RECEIVE
A LESSON IN HUMILITY!



HASSAN CRUSH HIM UNTIL HE
WHIMPERS AT MY FEET FOR
MERCY!

IT SHALL BE
DONE, MASTER!



STUPID ONE! HASSAN SHALL RE-
DUCE YOU TO A MASS OF
QUIVERING, GROANING FLESH!

QUIT DRAGGIN' YOU BIG
BLUFF, AN' LET'S SEE
SOME ACTION!



BLUFF, EH?
I'LL ----

WE CALL THIS
SIDE-STEPPING--



-- AND THIS, TRIPPING!



RISING, HASSAN BELLOWS WITH RAGE AND CHARGES,
BULL-LIKE, AT SLAM, HEAD LOWERED--

IN CASE YOU'RE INTERESTED, I KNOW A DENTIST WHO'LL
SUPPLY YOU WITH A NEW SET OF TEETH, CHEAP!



HASSAN SUCCEEDS IN SEIZING SLAM ABOUT THE WAIST--

I KILL!
I KILL!

I HEARD Y'
TH' FIRST TIME!



BRADLEY IS DOOMED!
NO MAN HAS EVER
SURVIVED THAT GRIP!



BUT WITH A QUICK TWIST, SLAM CAUSES HASSAN TO SOMER-
SAULT AGAINST THE WALL AND DROP UNCONSCIOUS

ALLEGZ-OOP!



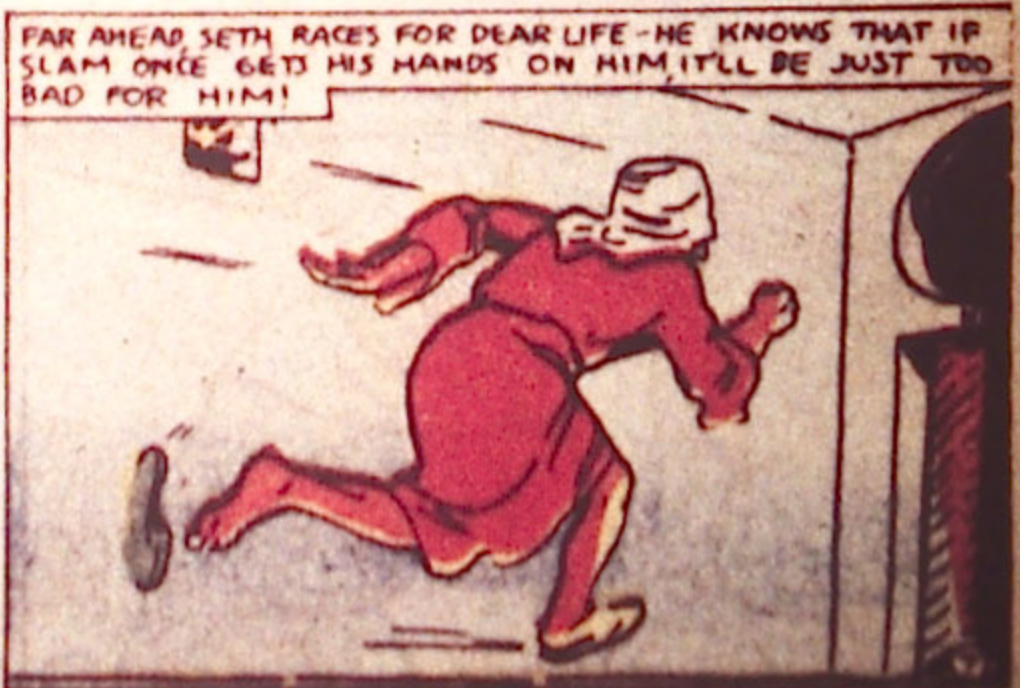
HE'S BESTED HASSAN! --
KILL HIM! SHOOT HIM DOWN!



ONLY A SWIFT TWIST TO ONE SIDE PREVENTS SLAM FROM GOING DOWN UNDER THE FIRST BULLET...



BEHIND SLAM A CURTAIN PARTS AND A HAND EMERGES CLUTCHING A GUN---



SLAM'S PURSUIT OF SETH CARRIES HIM PAST THE SHRIEKING INMATES OF A HAREM



BUT AS SLAM CHARGES INTO THE ADJOINING CHAMBER--



IT TAKES MORE THAN THAT TO KNOCK ME OUT! - HERE'S WHAT YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE!



WHERE ARE YOUR RECORDS OF THE SLAVE-TRAFFIC? TELL ME, OR YOU STAY LIKE THIS INDEFINITELY!



TELL ME! - I MEAN BUSINESS!



SLAM EAGERLY RIFLES THE DRAWER---

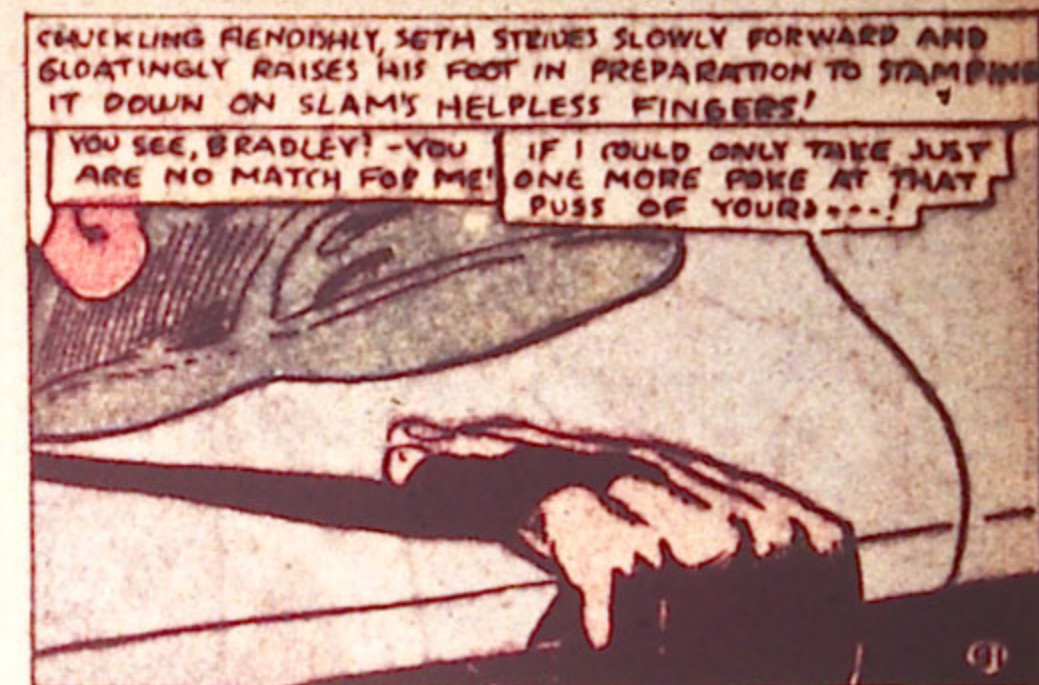
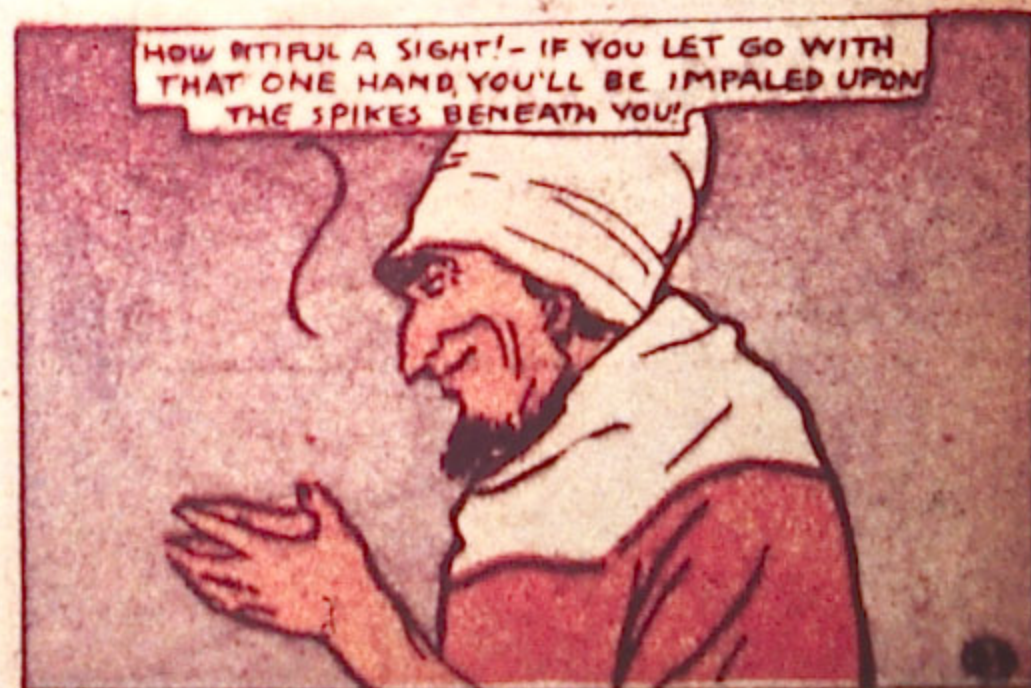


WHILE SLAM'S BACK IS TURNED, A CRAFTY EXPRESSION CREEPS OVER SETH'S FACE SLOWLY HIS HAND MOVES BENEATH THE DESK'S EDGE---



--- AND PRESSES A CONCEALED BUTTON!





LOOK OUT!
THE TRAPDOOR!



HELP! - HELP! -
WE'RE FALLING!

I DON'T CARE! WE'LL DIE...
BUT HE MUST LIVE!



SLAM HAULS HIMSELF TO SAFETY---

THEY BOTH DIED! - AND IF IT HADN'T
BEEN FOR THAT POOR, BRAVE GIRL,
IT WOULD BE I!



SLAM! -
ALIVE!

YES BUT IF WE WANT TO CONTINUE
TO BE THAT WAY WE'D BETTER
HURRY OUT OF HERE!



LATER--

HERE YOU ARE, LORD ATHERTON! - WITH
THIS INFORMATION YOU'LL BE ABLE
TO BREAK THE REMNANTS OF THE
SLAVE-RING!

YOU'VE DONE IT! -
I KNEW YOU
WOULD!



PLEASE ACCEPT THIS \$8,000 AS A
TOKEN OF MY APPRECIATION! -
PLEASE DO, SLAM! - I INSIST!

YOU NEEDN'T INSIST! -
HE'LL TAKE IT!



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER---

GOOD HEAVENS! - BACK
FROM EGYPT SO SOON,
MR BRADLEY?

YEP AN' IF YOU DON'T
MIND, WE'LL TAKE
OUR OLD SUITE AGAIN.

-TILL WE
RUN OUT OF
MONEY AND
SOME NEW
ADVENTURE
TURNS UP!



THE END



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